HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXIII.—No. 1197.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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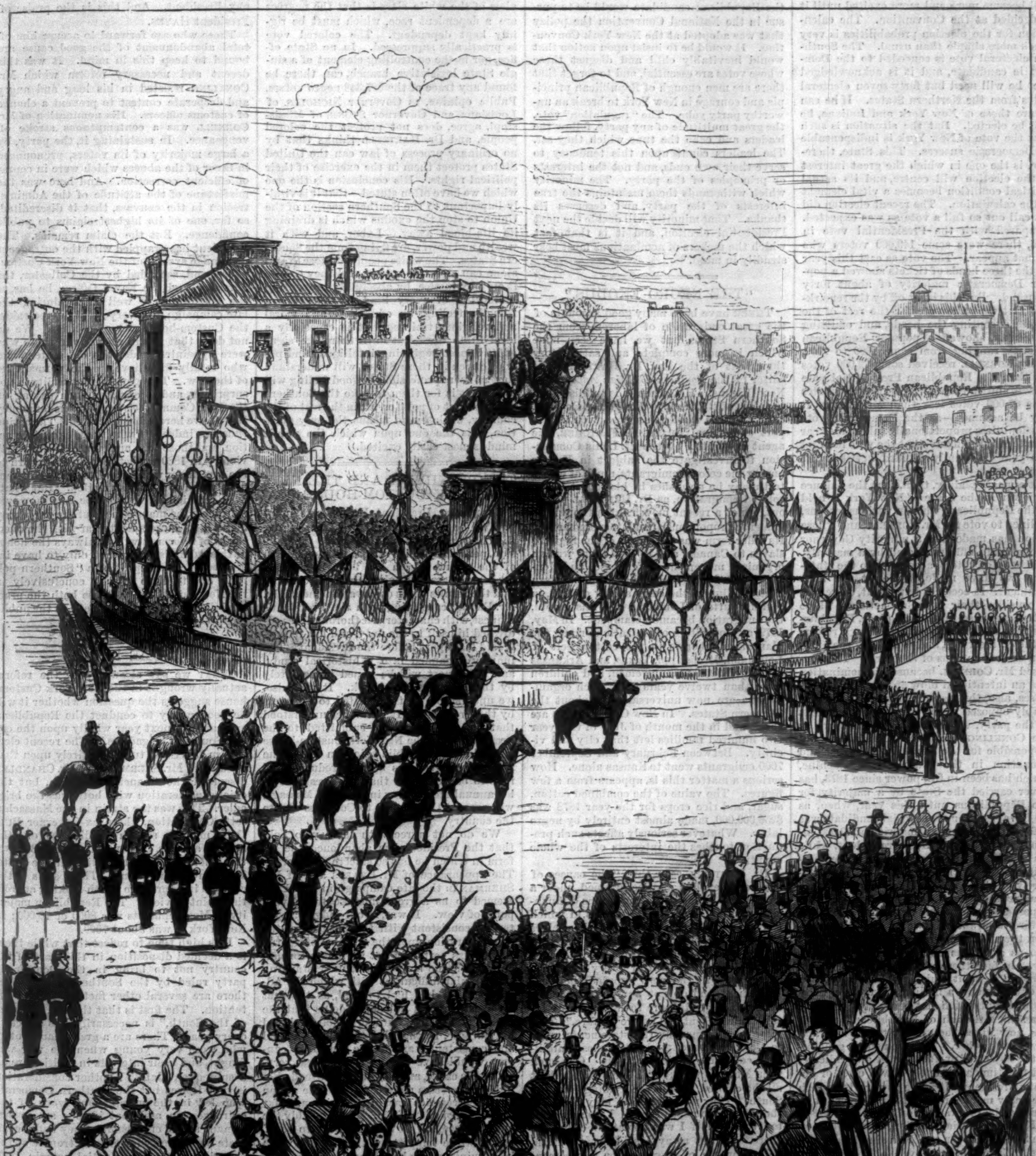

UNVEILING THE STATUE OF GENERAL THOMAS, AT WASHINGTON.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 959.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 6, 1879.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will receive the fourth Number of* Harper's Young People, *an illustrated weekly journal for boys and girls.*

The fifth issue of Harper's Young People, *containing the first of a brilliant serial story, by* George MacDonald, *illustrated by* Fredericks, *will be sent out with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

NEXT YEAR.

It was so generally understood that the election of this year was merely preparatory for that of next year, that there will not be the usual political lull. Indeed, the campaign for the Presidential nomination is now and has long been very active, and it will become more and more excited until it is decided at the Convention. The calculation for the election probabilities is very much more simple than usual. The Southern electoral vote is conceded to the Democratic candidate, and it is acknowledged that he will need but forty-seven electoral votes from the Northern States. If he can secure those of New York and Indiana, he will be elected. But the situation is such that the vote of New York is indispensable to Democratic success. This State, therefore, is the one in which the great interest of the election will centre, and its actual political condition becomes a vital element in the calculation. The recent election did not call out so full a vote as was expected. Compared with the Presidential vote in 1876, there were some 140,000 voters who did not appear. The vote as cast this year for the three heads of tickets showed a popular Democratic majority of about forty thousand. But this is set off by the remarkable fact that the vote for the rest of the tickets, excepting the heads, and omitting Mr. Soule, showed a popular Republican majority ranging from some 1500 to 7000. As Mr. Cornell received some 72,000 votes less than the Republican Presidential vote of 1876, and the two Democratic candidates some 67,000 votes less than Mr. Tilden, it may be assumed—as the Democratic vote was doubtless proportionally fuller this year than the Republican—that the vote not cast this year is equally divided between the parties.

It appears plainly, then, that the balance of power in the State of New York is held by the Republicans who, for various reasons, declined to vote for Mr. Cornell, and whose action has made him a minority Governor among State officers elected by a majority. This body of voters, according to the statement we have made, will elect the next President. It becomes important, therefore, to consider their probable action. These voters comprise, in the first place, Republicans who are in favor of a thorough reform of the civil service, and of making the question one of the aims of the party. They opposed Mr. Cornell because his nomination was an intentional blow at reform. It comprises, also, the Republicans who are inexorably opposed to the present management of the party, which is familiarly known as the Conkling machine, which they hold responsible for the Republican disgust and alienation in the State. This machine, which has been in full power since 1873, has never carried the State by a majority for the Republicans until this year, when, as we have just seen, its especial candidate was defeated by a popular majority of 40,000, although elected by a Democratic bolt, while his associate who especially represented hostility to the machine was elected by a majority of about 7000. This body of Republicans contains also those who are resolutely opposed upon principle to the proposition of a third term, and who would consider a reaction toward the situation of five or six years ago as a serious misfortune for the country. In fact, these voters are precisely that political element which might be supposed to exist among a million of voters equally divided, and which, not being very strongly partisan, although of Republican proclivities, now gives the victory to one side and now to the other. This element is generally the object of profuse wrath and ridicule, but this time apparently it will elect or defeat a President. It is the power with which the party managers will have to account in making the programme of the year.

The Presidential election, unlike that of the State this year, will be a simple alternative. Every voter will vote either for a Republican or for a Democratic administration. But there will be also a Congressional election, and in the voting for Congress the same kind of opportunity will be offered as in New York at the late election, where it was possible, as the result proved, to reject the head of the ticket and still show the State to be Republican. Those who would improve such an opportunity are the class which we have mentioned. The obvious policy of the nominating Convention, therefore, is to make sure of this decisive element, and to be very wary of alarming and alienating it. The plan of relying upon a majority of a Convention, composed as Conventions are, largely of "machine" politicians, and then of counting upon "regularity" to pull the nomination through, has failed so conspicuously in New York that the failure must be carefully remembered, as it was due to the very body of voters who will determine the Presidential vote of New York. It is very easy to secure that vote for the Republican candidate, and, as we have heretofore said, while it may be true that any Republican candidate can carry the State, it is plain that a candidate who is not especially obnoxious to the Republican vote, which was exceedingly irregular this year, can carry it by a very positive majority. Evidently the way to endanger the vote of New York for the Republican candidate would be to pursue in the National Convention the policy that was adopted at the New York Convention. It would be to insist upon action that would inevitably chill and disgust those whose votes are essential, and to forget that there are men enough of Republican principle and courage in New York to break an unworthy party yoke. The "regulation" vote, the great multitude of any party, follow the leaders and echo the tune which they set. The leaders count upon this tendency to serve their own ends, and not the interests or principles of the party. The minority which withstands them maintains the true interests of the party, and deserves its thanks. That minority will decide the next Presidential election, and it is that fact which the makers of nominations must bear steadily in mind.

"THE NEGRO EXODUS."

There have been many good accounts of the great emigration of laborers from the Southern States, but we have seen none which is more complete and satisfactory than that of the Rev. Dr. Hartzell, the editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate*, at New Orleans. His account is published in the *Methodist Quarterly Review* for October, 1879, and it is wholly in accord with the report of Colonel Frank H. Fletcher, the agent appointed by the St. Louis Commission to investigate the subject in Kansas among the colored emigrants, much of whose testimony he publishes in his report. The colored emigration, as Dr. Hartzell points out, is not a recent movement, although its immense proportions are a late phenomenon. Its older form was the escape of the fugitive slaves to Canada, and in 1869 there was an organized movement in Tennessee and Kentucky to colonize in Northern and Western States. But in the early spring of 1879, in certain parts of Louisiana and Mississippi, the emigration became a stampede. In May, 1879, a colonization organization among the plantation laborers in the cotton belt of Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, and Arkansas contained 92,800 men, women, and children more than twelve years old. Such organizations are now universal throughout the Southern States. In New Orleans there are three, and in the month of July of this year two hundred families left that city and vicinity. Between February and September 7000 emigrants went to Kansas alone. How serious a matter this is, appears from a few figures. The value of the combined cotton, sugar, and rice crops for the year 1878 was $256,000,000, made almost entirely by negro labor. Whatever seriously affects such production touches the interests of the whole country.

Dr. Hartzell says that "the causes of the negro exodus may be grouped under a single head, namely, the conditions of financial, political, and social distress in which the negroes in the South find themselves after fifteen years of freedom; and the conviction that their former owners, who with their allies now control every Southern State, have in the past opposed their advancement, and do not now give sufficient evidence of good desire toward them to insure their present and future welfare." This view is confirmed by the statements made to Colonel Fletcher by the most intelligent colored leaders in Kansas. One such from Mississippi said: "I don't believe that all the colored people are coming from the South. They will prefer to stay South if they can have peace there. I would prefer to live South if I was not afraid of my life there. To get away I sold six thousand dollars' worth of property for a nineteen-hundred-dollar note. I had bargained for a five-hundred-acre tract of land, which I was to pay for the day of the riot. Instead of closing the trade, I hid in the woods for four months, and finally got away. It is just as impossible for a colored man to get justice in Mississippi as it is to fly." Another, from Louisiana, said: "One man offered me fifty dollars to stay. I didn't stay, because I know'd I wouldn't get the fifty dollars. We have lost confidence in the Southerners. We don't believe anything they tell us, they have deceived us so often."

Dr. Hartzell reviews briefly the legislation in the Southern States since the war, and says that the spirit which dictated the Black Codes has prevailed almost universally. "The South" is an agricultural region, and the contract system of labor is very general, and the contracts are drawn so as easily to entrap an ignorant and docile class of laborers. The argument of Mr. Randall and others, therefore, drawn from the large crops, is valueless to show the content of the laborers. Dr. Hartzell does not deny a slow improvement in some quarters. There has been some acquisition of property by the colored laborers, but the masses of them are poor, and after fifteen years of freedom the outlook is gloomy, and multitudes are discouraged. The general view of the white class is that the negroes are a dependent race, which must be rigidly kept dependent. The colored vote is practically suppressed. In no State office, nor in the controlling element of a single State legislative branch, can there be found any trace of the 887,348 negro voters. Public opinion, as Governor Nicholls, of Louisiana, and Governor Stone, of Mississippi, agree, does not protect the colored people, and Dr. Hartzell thinks that by no ordinary process of law can the United States protect them in the exercise of their political rights. His conclusion is the one which we have often stated—that it is vitally important to the Southern section of the Union to stop the exodus which is draining its life-blood away. Labor, and with it wealth and power, are flying from the Southern States. The white people of those States alone can stop the exodus, and they can do it only by justice, by absolutely preventing bulldozing of every kind, by fostering a friendly feeling, by education and moral and religious training. It is especially a local State work, but until there are signs of its honest beginning, intelligent and patriotic men in those States will understand that no mere professions of good feeling will avail. It is for them to take the Southern question out of politics, for in the rest of the country, while by no means the only question, it is the one upon which the public mind is most easily excited.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Soon after President Hayes was inaugurated he requested Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, the chairman of the Civil Service Commission, personally to investigate the operation of the reform which has been introduced for some years in England, and to report to him the results of his observation and study. Mr. Eaton, complying with the President's request, with characteristic thoroughness addressed himself to the duty, and has recently laid his report before the President. The inquiry expanded into a historical study, and the report will be issued immediately by the Harpers as a book. It will also, we understand, be transmitted to Congress by the President. It is further understood that reports have been submitted to the President from the New York Custom-house and other great public offices in which the reformed system has been introduced, and it is to be presumed that the President in his annual Message, or in a special Message, will present the subject to Congress and to the country.

We do not agree with those who hold that the President has abandoned the reform in which he has so sincere an interest. The appearance of Mr. Evarts and of Mr. Sherman in the late campaign in New York seemed to us a great mistake from every point of view. It was, in our judgment, utterly inconsistent with the position of the Administration upon the question of reform. But it was certainly not its first inconsistency upon the subject, and understanding the singular difficulties with which the Administration has had to deal, as the first inconsistency did not persuade us that the President had lost faith or wholly relaxed his purpose, neither did the last. A bold and consistent stand in the New York canvass would have been of the greatest service to the cause, and it would have made Republican success more certain. The action of the Secretaries was, in our opinion, so far a betrayal of the reform. But probably the question seemed to the President to be of less relative importance than it did when his administration began, and when he supposed that his wise action in the Southern States would make the Southern question less prominent. However that may be, and however unsatisfactory the progress achieved under this Administration, it ought not to be forgotten that much more has been accomplished than under any other Administration, and that the perfect practicability of the familiar methods of reform has been demonstrated in the New York Custom-house. For many years that Custom-house has been the chief head-quarters of a merely personal and partisan civil service. It has managed the dominant party. It has dictated nominations. It has forced the members of the service to pay heavy assessments to the party treasury. It has manned and officered the city associations, whose members alone are entitled to vote at primaries, which admit members only upon a pledge to support all "regular" action, and which purge their membership and keep it as limited as they choose. It has been managed primarily with reference to the party, and not to the public business, and it has utterly degraded politics and belittled the character of the service. To lay hands upon such a seething mass of abuses, and quietly and firmly in large part to correct them, and to do it within a few months, is a great and creditable work for any President. And this is the praise of President Hayes.

Those who are forward to accuse him of total abandonment of the good cause are bound to keep this in mind. It was this decent and necessary reform which Mr. Conkling resisted in his long and angry and desperate contest to prevent a change of customs officers. His nomination of Mr. Cornell was a contemptuous stroke of vengeance. In sustaining it, the party, by a large majority of its voters, pronounced in favor of the abuses which were in course of efficient correction. And here was the misfortune of the attitude of the Administration in the canvass, that it discredited, so far, one of its highest claims to public confidence. But the claim remains. The President has grappled with the outrageous patronage system of the New York Custom-house, and, seconded by the Collector, the Surveyor, and the Naval Officer, he has, as the machine very well knew during the late campaign, to a very great degree taken the Custom-house out of politics. We do not deny that it still abounds in those who were appointed under the old system, and who totally disbelieve in the permanence of the new. This general incredulity is not surprising, and it explains such paying of the State Committee's requisitions for money as we have heretofore described. The action thus far, indeed, is wholly an executive action, and those who anticipate a "stalwart" victory in 1880 expect a complete return to the system for which Mr. Conkling so strenuously and so vainly struggled. But whatever reaction there may be, and however distinctly the management of the party may identify its success next year with the overthrow of reform, it will be always the honor of this Administration not only to have indicated the true spirit of a "Southern policy," but to have proved conclusively in the New York Custom-house both the practicability and the great benefit to the public business of civil service reform.

SOME FACTS.

What we say elsewhere of the reform actually wrought in the New York Custom-house suggests the question whether it will be good policy to conduct the Republican campaign of next year wholly upon the cry of "Southern brigadiers." The recent election in this State turned entirely upon that question. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Chandler discussed the financial situation, but the chief consideration with both was the brigadier. This was the strain in the Massachusetts Convention, where ex-Governor Bullock made a speech of distrust of "the South," and Mr. Chandler and Mr. Blaine, the chief speakers from without the State, spoke in the same tone. The results of the election in figures are worth looking at from this point of view. The Republican majority in Massachusetts was 8000 or 10,000; in New York it was about 7000.

It is high time to reflect that while there is a decided disposition in this part of the country not to bring in the Democratic party ruled by the Southern leaders, yet there are several other facts worthy of attention. The first is that the cry, "Beware of the South," is necessarily less effective every year. There are a great many voters who were very young when the war was fought, and their interests in politics are of a subsequent date. Another consideration is that it was not the Southern Democrats who led in the mischievous work of the extra session, and that if they are so malignant as the cry assumes, they had a complete opportunity for making trouble at the counting of the Presidential vote in 1877, when, instead of voting so as to throw the government into confusion, as many Northern Democrats advised, they voted to abide by the decision of the Electoral Commission. It must not be forgotten, also, that now when the Southern States are Democratic, and when there is no more direct national interference in them than in the Northern States, there are many Republicans who really are not afraid of the brigadiers, and who wait to see whether the Republican party proposes any other policy than that of keeping them out. We do not underrate the importance of the Southern question. We have done our share in discussing it. But the country is plainly of opinion that there are other questions also, and this disposition must be regarded.

Here are many suggestive facts. Large numbers of Republicans justly argue that to say that the party policy is to keep the brigadiers from controlling the government is merely to say that it is the policy of the Republican party to beat the Democratic party. It is true, but to repeat it indefinitely does not answer the question what it is the party intends to do when it has beaten the adversary. To insist upon beating them, in order that they may be beaten, is not a satisfactory scheme to swell the Republican vote. There are thousands of earnest Republicans, however, who are not alarmed by the brigadiers, who are yet very urgent for a reform which goes far toward "smashing machines." It was in deference to these Republicans that the party platforms of 1872 and of 1876 made "honorable mention" of reform. The conviction of its necessity is daily greater, and faith in its practicability has become sight. Would not the Republican party, as a party of reform as well as of evading Southern domination, be stronger than as a party devoted solely to the latter purpose? No shrewd political observer can help seeing that the demand for some other issue than jealousy of Southern control is growing very rapidly in the Republican party, and that the fluctuating or independent vote is very slow to admit that to be the only question. What shall we do with power if it is continued in our hands? is the real Republican question. We must be able to give some other answer than that we mean to keep it out of Democratic hands.

MR. DISRAELI AS A PROPHET.

Americans will remember with pleasure that during the civil war Mr. Disraeli, as he then was, opposed any movement toward recognition of the Confederacy, although that his position was due to any warm regard for us can hardly be supposed. His brilliant and audacious ignorance of this country was finely illustrated in the recent speech in which he described us as likely to succumb to Canadian rivalry and the resources of Manitoba. His gifts as a prophet are illustrated by his speech in 1863 upon American affairs. It is exceedingly amusing reading to-day, and its tone is obviously not that of a friend, but of a politician who treated the American question only as a counter in his game.

"I can not conceal from myself," he said, "the conviction that whoever in this House may be young enough to live to witness the ultimate consequences of this civil war, will see, whenever the waters have subsided, a different America from that which was known to our fathers, and even from that of which this generation has had so much experience. It will be an America of armies, of diplomacy, of rival States and manœuvring cabinets, of frequent turbulence, and probably of frequent civil wars."

To all these misfortunes every country is exposed. They are also precisely those to which every Tory and friend of paternal governments supposes a republic to be peculiarly liable. But this country is less liable to them after the war than it was before. They spring from mutual hostility. But whatever the friction between North and South to-day, it has greatly declined since the days of slavery for ten years before the war. It will constantly diminish, because the root of its life has been destroyed. A sincere national union between free and slave states popularly governed has been proved by our experience to be impossible. But there is no longer such a division, and the treatment of the late slave race, however inhuman and unwise it may be now, will necessarily be modified by many influences, and we shall see truly national parties in all the States, instead of sectional parties and civil wars.

CONVICT LABOR.

A very interesting conference upon convict labor was recently held in New York, at which there were representatives from Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, and New York. The subject was discussed by Professor Francis Wayland, of Yale College, president of the State-prison Association of Connecticut, and chairman of the Board of Prison Inspectors, by Dr. Elisha Harris and Dr. Wines, and by several gentlemen representing the hatting interest, which seems chiefly to suffer by convict competition. The question is one of importance enough to have arrested the attention of party platform makers, and there have been some exceedingly warm denunciations of convict competition, designed to catch votes.

There is undoubtedly very great and outrageous abuse of the contract system. A system which authorizes contractors to bring workmen into a prison, and associate them with prisoners in a common work, is one which levels all distinction between honest and penal labor, and it is necessarily demoralizing. But because the present operation of the contract system may be often very pernicious, it does not follow that convict labor should be discontinued, or that it should be limited exclusively to stone-breaking. Professor Wayland said that there had been less progress during the last twenty-five years in State-prison reform than in any other direction, and he cited the Elmira Reformatory of young offenders as the one practical experiment of reforming criminals. He holds, with all the leaders in such questions, that prisons, if possible, should be self-supporting, and that State supervision of convict labor will tend to reform of the convicts. In Connecticut there are 220 out of 250 convicts employed in skilled labor. Many of them are reformed by it; but when they leave the prison it is very hard for them to find employment at benches with honest workmen.

The gentlemen who appeared for the hat interest said that eleven per cent. of the fur hat work in the country was done in prisons, and to that degree the contract labor system injured the honest workmen. It would be, in their judgment, better to send criminals to penal colonies than to crush honest labor at home with their work. Dr. Wines and Dr. Harris argued that if convict labor were distributed among all the trades, its rivalry would be scarcely felt outside. They also agreed that while the partisan management of prisons continued, it would be almost impossible to abolish the contract system of labor. If there were a reasonable tenure of good behavior among the prison officers, the State could profitably arrange prison labor. So from every side comes the practical argument for reform. The Commissioners will report to the Legislatures of their States the results of their inquiry, with recommendations for legislation.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

Among our recent visitors have been two Englishmen whose names are familiar and honored as steady friends in days when all Englishmen were not friends. We mean Mr. Thomas Bayley Potter and Mr. George Jacob Holyoake. During the last week they both received tributes of regard from their American friends in the customary and pleasant form of a banquet. Each occasion was fortunate in its chairman, Mr. Evarts presiding at the dinner to Mr. Potter, and Dr. Bellows at the breakfast to Mr. Holyoake. Mr. Evarts, in the gayest and most humorous way, said many happy things, without giving his opinions upon free trade, while, on the other hand, Dr. Bellows pleasantly assured Mr. Holyoake of the hearty American admiration of the honesty and tenacity with which he has devoted himself to the cause of his life—co-operation.

When Mr. Froude was in this country, a cynic said that the great distinction between America and England is that Americans honor distinguished Englishmen, and Englishmen don't honor distinguished Americans. If it were true, it would still be a poor reason for Americans to change their conduct. "If I love you, what is that to you?" says the wise essayist. At the Potter dinner a toast was offered to his friend and Mr. Holyoake's friend John Bright, hoping that he would not permit himself to grow much older before he came to this country. There is probably no other living man who would be so warmly welcomed in this country as John Bright.

If there be no American who would be welcomed with the same enthusiasm in England, it is because circumstances have not enabled any American to serve England as John Bright has served America. This generation of Americans at least will not forget those who did not forget us in the dark hour; and if, while we gladly honor them, other Englishmen do not honor distinguished Americans, "what is that to us?"

MR. LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Colonel Ward Lamon, who wrote a life of Lincoln which stopped with the first volume, has recently said that Mr. Seward and Mr. Everett were exceedingly disappointed by Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech when it was delivered, thinking it unworthy of him and of the occasion. Fortunately the "memories of men living" can easily correct such a statement. We remember reading the speech as reported in the newspapers of the next morning. Mr. Everett's oration was one of the best in a kind in which he greatly excelled. His historical discourses were those of an accurate scholar as well as accomplished orator, and they are chapters of our authentic history. This particular oration is a most valuable contribution to the story of the civil war.

But every reader, as he passed, in the report, from the polished and admirable discourse of Mr. Everett to the speech of Mr. Lincoln, must have felt that it would be one of the memorable speeches of history, and in American annals would be ranked as the first. The eloquence of Patrick Henry is a tradition. Nothing that remains of his speeches justifies it. Indeed, Jefferson wrote that he could not remember what Henry said in his most eloquent moments. The effect was a mere magnetic thrill. But the oration upon the Peloponnesian dead which Thucydides puts into the mouth of Pericles is the only speech that could be remembered with Lincoln's, and the great thought of the American transcends the Greek.

Mr. Lamon's statement has been promptly corrected by Mr. McPherson, of the Philadelphia *Press*, and by Mr. Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, both of whom heard the speech of Mr. Lincoln. It is evident from their accounts that the actual impression upon the spot was that of the report. Mr. McPherson says that as Mr. Lincoln proceeded in his speech, the face of Mr. Everett—who knew what great speech is—showed plainly his consciousness that the few sentences of Mr. Lincoln had entirely erased the impression of his own oration; and it is a tradition that Mr. Everett said to Mr. Lincoln, "You have said on this occasion all that posterity will remember." Mr. Halstead describes the total contrast in personal appearance and manner of the two orators, and says that as Mr. Lincoln spoke, "a visible sensation ran through the crowd, and tears fell from eyes not easily moved to weeping." Another gentleman who was present told us that the vast throng remained silent, spellbound by its emotion, for a few seconds after Mr. Lincoln ceased speaking, and then came the roar of pent-up and tenderly touched patriotic feeling. There was no instant from the moment of its delivery that the greatness of this famous speech was not recognized.

"DR." HULBERT "AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS."

The "young gentlemen" of Middlebury College, in Vermont, in all the classes, have, as we write, withdrawn partly and partly have been suspended from that institution. One of the Sophomores was kicking foot-ball out of rule. He was disciplined by the faculty, and, as the boys thought, so unjustly that it was made common cause by every class. A committee of eight, or two from each class, was appointed to treat with the faculty. But the faculty did not choose to recognize "rebels," and required a promise from the Sophomore Class to respect in future the rules of the college. The "Sophs" refused, and they were then sent home for a week to meditate under the parental eye, with the understanding that if they were still contumacious at the end of a week, they should be dishonorably dismissed.

This is the situation as we write. The college exercises are suspended, and the young gentlemen are debating the question with their parents and guardians. The students have invoked the interference of the corporation, but the faculty are indisposed to appeal upon what they consider so small an occasion. But it will be large enough, should the students persist, to close the college. The discipline of the delinquent Sophomore must have been unusually severe, to excite so deep and general a sense of injustice. But, on the other hand, the tradition that the faculty are the natural and hereditary enemies of the students, fires the heart of the boys whenever a difference arises.

The conduct of a party of Harvard boys recently visiting a theatre in Boston was so turbulent and annoying as to call out an indignant remonstrance in the newspapers. No man who has the honor of his college at heart would willingly risk its good name by rowdy conduct. Harvard has decided to assume that students are gentlemen. It is very unfortunate for the reverend alma mater when her students prove that they are not so. Yet there is no doubt that the course of the college is wise, and that offending students should be treated less like school-boys who need a thrashing than as gentlemen who forget themselves.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Henry Mandeville, D.D., is pastor of the old Dutch church of Harlem, New York, one of the oldest churches in the country, its existence dating back to the year 1660. It is still in a flourishing condition.

—Boswell Beardsley, postmaster at North Lansing, New York, has been longer in office than any other postmaster in the United States, his appointment having been made fifty-one years ago. Next to him is Edward Stabler, who was appointed postmaster at Sandy Springs, Maryland, by General Jackson, in 1830.

—Mr. Frederick Seward, who has just left the State Department, returns to his home at Auburn, where he will complete the life of his father.

—Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who was complimented by a public breakfast in this city last week, made a very effective speech, commencing by saying to the Rev. Dr. Bellows, who presided, that when Mr. Gladstone some years ago visited the north of England, the Mayor of Middlesborough gave him this neat welcome, "Mr. Gladstone, if I could speak as well as you can speak, I should be able to tell you how glad we are to see you." Mr. Holyoake also said that he once heard Mr. O'Connell make a speech in which he recounted that in Dublin there were within six years twenty thousand less births than formerly. Then he exclaimed, "I charge the British government with the murder of those twenty thousand infants who never were born." Mr. Holyoake also made this quotation from Ebenezer Elliott, the famous "Corn-law Rhymer," on Communism:

"What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny, and take up your shilling."

—Sir Henry Havelock, M.P., son of the distinguished military commander, has been left a fortune of half a million sterling, on condition that he assumes the name and arms of Allan.

—The income of the Czar of Russia is $25,000 a day; the Sultan of Turkey, $18,000; the Emperor of Austria, $10,000; the Emperor of Germany, $8200; the King of Italy, $6400; the King of the Belgians, $1643; the President of the United States, $136 98.

—The King of Holland is a connoisseur in trees and such, having the largest private conservatory in the world. It contains two immense palm-trees, the smaller of which weighs two and a half tons, besides a wonderful collection of tropical plants. The glass dome of this huge greenhouse is ninety feet high and one hundred and eighty feet in diameter.

—Generals Jones and Dodge, of Iowa, formerly United States Senators, were recently candidates for offices on Democratic county tickets in that State, and were defeated. In Minnesota, ex-United States Senator Wilkinson was elected County Attorney, and ex-United States Senator Rice County Treasurer.

—Should the rich graduates of Harvard continue to make such bequests as was made recently by Mr. Walter Hastings, she will soon become the best endowed literary institution in the world. Mr. Hastings gives to the college, after the death of his wife, $200,000 for the erection of a college building, to be called the Walter Hastings Hall, in memory of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, all of whom graduated at Harvard College. The residue of his estate, after paying bequests to friends and relatives amounting to about $40,000, and an annuity of $5000 to his adopted daughter, is also given as a trust fund to the college, to be called the Walter Hastings Fund, the income to be used at the discretion of the president and fellows of the college, suggesting, however, that the education of sons of American parents who may be in indigent circumstances would be a most proper method of expending this income.

—Mr. Edward Whymper, the first Englishman who successfully ascended the Matterhorn, has gone to South America, where he intends to utilize the experience he gained in the Alps by exploring and attempting the ascent of the Great Andes. He is accompanied by two of his old Alpine guides.

—The children of General Hood are to be taken good care of; $15,000 has already been collected for them.

—Captain Crokat, who witnessed the death of Napoleon I., and who was the original of "The Officer on Guard" in Steuben's well-known engraving, has just died at Edinburgh, a general of ninety-one years of age.

—Prince Bismarck, ill as he is, can not persuade himself to abstain from his exciting occupation with state affairs. His doctor's admonitions have little effect, and even the entreaties of his wife and children are vain in persuading him to retire to private life. Although he gave orders, on his departure for Varzin, only to be troubled by the Foreign Office with matters of the utmost importance, he is constantly consulted, and is in almost uninterrupted communication by post or telegraph with the central authorities in Berlin. On hearing of the recent deaths of Baron Bülow and General Padbielski, both his juniors, his forebodings were considerably increased, and he constantly alludes to his almost unendurable sufferings from his physical infirmities.

—Dr. Abernethy, late of this city, and Medical Director in the United States Navy, left $10,000, which, after the death of his sister-in-law, is to go to Yale College, to establish a fellowship to be named after the giver.

—There have been some close contests in this State for Governor. In 1850, when Washington Hunt ran against Horatio Seymour, Hunt was elected by only 250 majority. In 1854 Myron H. Clark was elected by a plurality of 260 or 270 votes; Horatio Seymour came next, Daniel Ullman (Know-Nothing) third, and Greene C. Bronson (Hunker) far in the distance. It was at this election that Henry J. Raymond was elected Lieutenant-Governor, his competitor being William H. Ludlow.

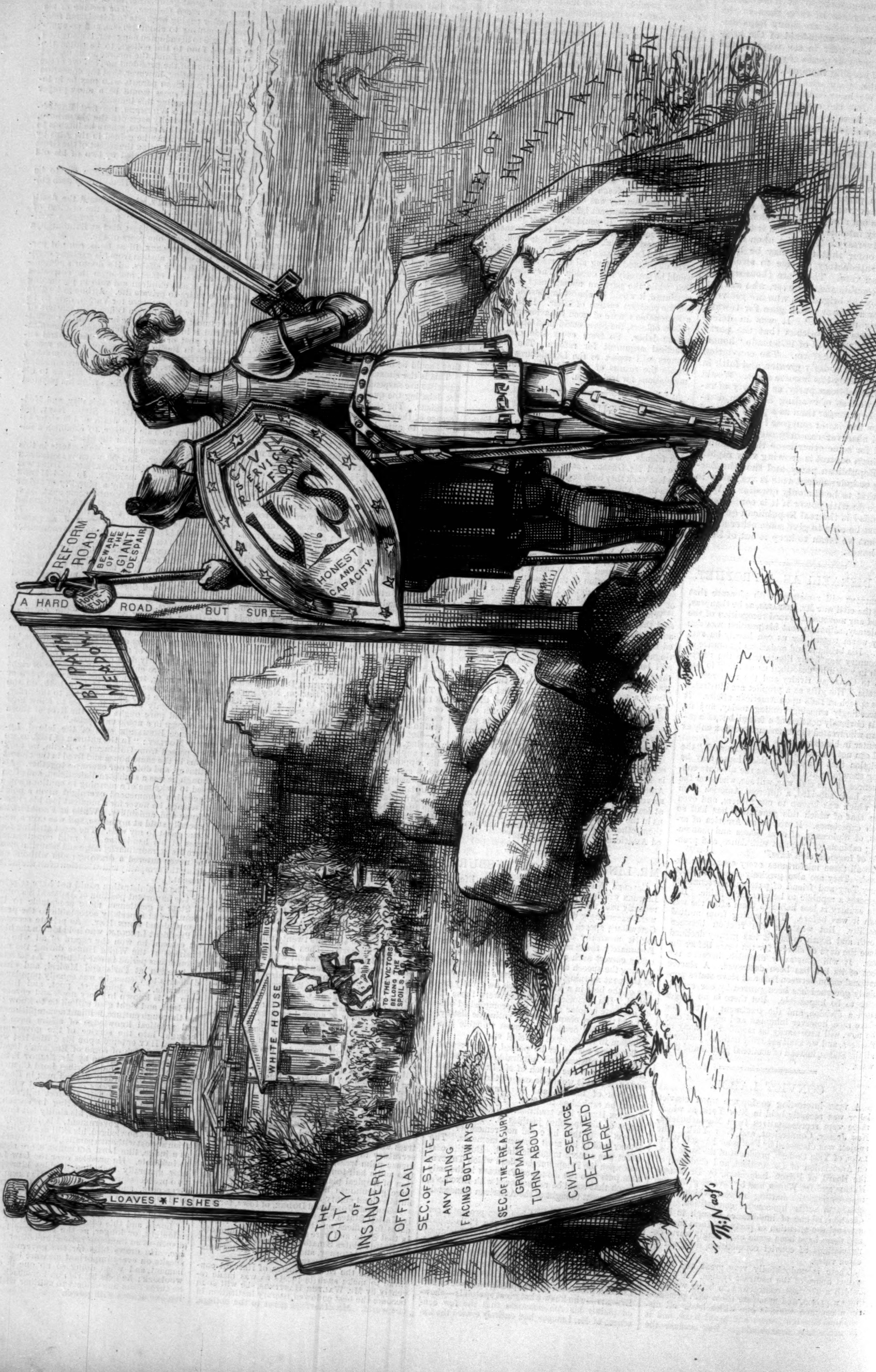
—Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, poet and broker, is one of the few American authors who have won sequins as well as fame. He has recently bought a handsome mansion in Fifty-third Street. The Wall Street commissions are perhaps a trifle larger and oftener than those of the publishers.

—Dean Stanley says that "the order of knighthood of which the banners hang in Westminster Abbey, and which is distinguished from all the other orders as the 'most honorable,' is called the Order of the Bath. Why? It is because in the early days of chivalry the knights, those who were enlisted in the defense of right against wrong, truth against falsehood, honor against dishonor, were laid in a bath, on the evening before they were admitted to the order, and thoroughly washed, in order to show how bright and pure ought to be the lives of those who engage in a noble enterprise."

—Prince Bismarck says of the late J. Lothrop Motley: "In the autumn of 1833, as we both passed from Göttingen to Berlin, we took rooms in the same house and lived in the closest intimacy, and doing our exercises together. Although he was a stubborn dialectician, and often used to wake me of a morning to continue some discussion commenced overnight upon a point of science, he never for a moment lost his cheerfulness and amiability. While at Frankfort he generally staid at my house, and was ever a welcome guest to my wife. The most striking features of his handsome and mild countenance were his extraordinarily large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the sympathy and attention of all the ladies present."

—The administration could not have selected for the important position of Assistant Secretary of State a gentleman more acceptable to the country, and especially acceptable to the press, than Colonel John Hay. As private secretary to President Lincoln, who held him in the highest esteem, he won the regard of all who had business at the White House during the most momentous period in our history. As secretary of legation at Paris and Madrid, and chargé d'affaires to Vienna, he was equally popular and admirable. As journalist, poet, and literary man he is known in every nook and corner of the land, and right glad will all be to know that his thorough culture, brilliant accomplishments, and practical knowledge of affairs have been brought into the service of the government. Colonel Hay entered upon his duties last week.

—In a sketch of some of England's legal luminaries recently given by Mr. Elliot F. Shepard, of this city, he describes Lord Chancellor Cairns as the hardest-worked man in England, and though sixty years of age, is yet without a wrinkle or a gray hair, six feet tall, straight, broad-shouldered, unhesitating in speech, his eye clear, his hand firm, his ability felt throughout the whole government, his integrity universally acknowledged, his skill as a Parliamentarian almost without a parallel, while his decisions as a judge, like Lord Selborne's, are regarded as infallible. He presides over the Law Lords, now generally including, besides himself, his two predecessors in office, Lords Hatherly and Selborne, and Lords Gordon, Blackburn, O'Hagan, and Penzance. This occupies him from 11 to 4 o'clock; at 5 he takes the woolsack to preside at the legislative session of the House of Lords, and this confines him until 6 P.M., or midnight, or longer, as the case may be. He dispenses an immense judicial and other patronage. He draws bills for the government; he speaks on every important measure before Parliament, and when doing so no one is on the woolsack; he gets his ride on horseback daily; he turns from one subject to another with facility, and always with power.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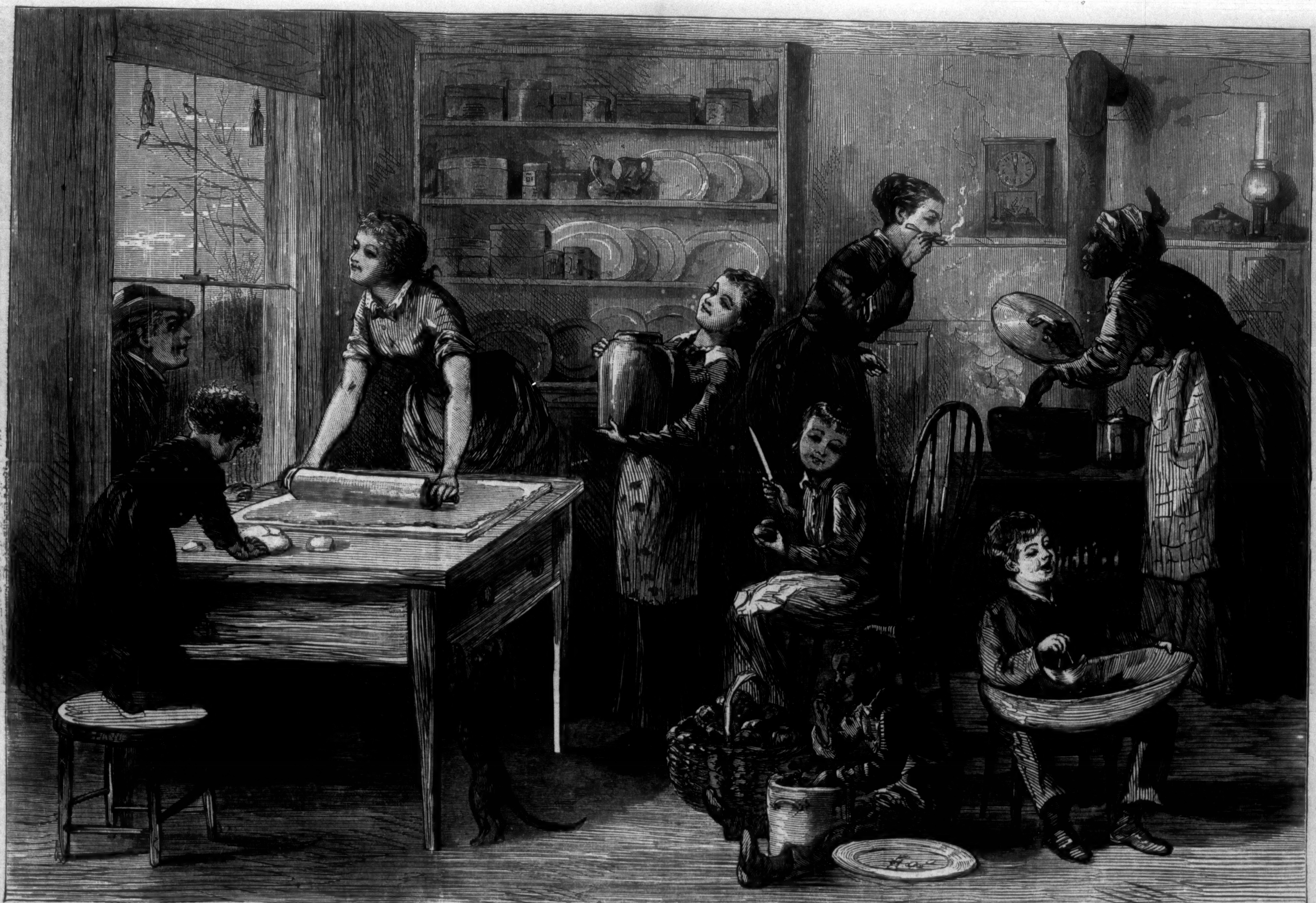
THE PILGRIM'S POLITICAL PROGRESS.



MIXING THE THANKSGIVING PUDDING.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FAIR.

The great Fair of the gallant Seventh Regiment, of this city, formally opened by President Hayes on the 17th ult., was a grand success, as it well deserved to be. The weather on the first day was all that could have been desired, and thousands of persons assembled on the streets and in and around the Armory to see the regiment and its distinguished guests. At precisely three o'clock the regiment took up the line of march from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with the Presidential party in the centre. In the same carriage with the President were Secretary Evarts, Mayor Cooper, and Mr. George William Curtis. All along the route the crowds cheered enthusiastically, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The hotels and private residences were gayly decked with bunting.

Shortly before four o'clock the new Armory was reached. Here the President and party were received by Colonel Emmons Clark, and escorted to the middle balcony overlooking the great drill hall. The Veterans of the Seventh, in full uniform, were ranged along the entrance and staircase. On the balcony were the members of the Building Committee, some of the chief subscribers to the Armory fund, and several prominent citizens. Grafulla's Band occupied the north balcony, and played "Hail, Columbia," after which a march was given to regulate the step of the regiment as in columns it marched into the drill hall from the opposite side doors, without muskets, and took up positions in the centre of the hall behind the crowd that pressed forward in a body under the balcony. President Hayes and his companions during this time observed the fine spectacle which the drill hall offered. The Floral Temple was the most conspicuous object before them, and in front of this were the words, "Welcome to our President," beautifully worked in flowers on an evergreen background.

At four o'clock the Rev. Dr. S. H. Weston, chaplain of the regiment, read a prayer invoking humanity for the Church, peace for the State, stability for the Union, and wisdom for our rulers. Mayor Cooper then made an address of welcome. He spoke with praise of the honorable position won by the Seventh Regiment, with gratitude for the protection they had afforded during seasons of disorder and violence; referred to the distinction achieved by members who had been promoted from the regiment to important commands; of the security they afforded to the city; of the compliments bestowed by the Governor of the State upon the National Guard, and of the tribute to their excellence shown by the presence with them of the President to take part in the opening ceremonies. He then introduced Mr. George William Curtis, who made a brief address, at the conclusion of which President Hayes in one complimentary sentence formally declared the Fair opened. He was loudly cheered by the multitude. The President bowed his acknowledgments, and then the members of the Seventh, from the rear of the hall, sent up their peculiar cheer—"Siss-ss—Boom—Ah-h!" with telling effect.

At the conclusion of the opening ceremonies the Presidential party, under the guidance of Colonel Clark, visited all the points of interest in the Fair, beginning with the Art Gallery, on the third floor. Everywhere the crowds followed, and everywhere the members of the Seventh were praised for the thoroughness with which the preparations for the Fair had been made. In the evening the attendance was twice as large. Many ladies were elegantly dressed in promenade costume, and a number of gentlemen wore evening dress. The scene was a brilliant one. It was near midnight before the crowds left the Armory.

AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

I.

That Thanksgiving night in the village of Crampton was one long to be remembered; excitement stirred the whole township as a pebble ruffles the calm of a tide pool sheltered among the rocks. Not only had Crampton partaken of its Thanksgiving dinner, greeted all its relatives and friends, and listened to the annual sermon of the minister, in which he enumerated its blessings, but with one accord it was to attend an entertainment in the Town-hall, given by the "city lady," in the evening.

Two small boys, freckled, ragged, and without hats, had climbed on a window-ledge of this hall, and were peering in, breathlessly interested. A third and smaller brother stood below, demanding in whimpering tones to be helped up, and was warned back in hoarse whispers. Possibly every soul in Crampton would have peeped in with these interlopers had the same privilege been accorded.

The small boys beheld a tent-shaped curtain and a screen, behind which was reflected some powerful light. Between the screen and the window stood two persons, broken garlands, tulle and lace, cloaks and scarfs, scattered about them on the floor. The small boys blinked as their eyes rested on the first lady. Never had they beheld such splendor, even in picture-books. She wore an Oriental costume, a yellow turban was on her lustrous golden hair, a green velvet jacket met a gorgeous shawl which confined her slender waist, while a pink tunic, white satin trousers, and little Turkish slippers, richly embroidered, completed a toilet such as was never before beheld in the village. The glamor of brilliant lights and the rosy tints of the screen may have imparted beauty to this bewildering vision, but to the small boys—uninvited spectators—she seemed to radiate a rainbow of sparkling hues from links of gold coins, from a diamond star in her turban, from twinkling pendants in the ears, from flashing gems on fair throat and rounded arms.

The second lady was no longer young, and wore with considerable grace the jaunty dress of a Spanish maiden. The brevity of her amber silk skirt revealed a pair of scarlet boots, and her black hair was caught back with a coral comb, from whence floated a black lace mantilla.

"I have played the part of Sultana scores of times," said this Spanish maiden, adjusting a gilt dagger in the sash of her companion. "Remember that too much gesture is objectionable, my dear, and, above all other considerations, do not become frightened when the curtain goes up. I depend upon you; the other girls are not to be trusted."

The other girls were standing at that moment in a second little pen, formed by flags, like a row of birds on a perch, ill at ease, even alarmed, and painfully conscious of possessing elbows.

"Oh, if I should fail!" said the Sultana. Her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes dilated to a wonderful brilliancy, her eager lips ready to quaff the effervescing cup of pleasure presented by the jewelled white hand of the Spanish maiden.

"You will not fail," returned the latter. "Ah, if I possessed your voice, my dear, I should not spend my days in Crampton."

"What would you do, then?" inquired the Sultana, with a puzzled and astonished expression on her fair, irresolute face.

"I should study for the stage. Had I been more ambitious at your age I should have made something of the talents God had given me. I married at sixteen, though."

The Spanish maiden shook her head, sighed, and raised her eyes to the roof with a theatrical expressiveness of manner.

The Sultana laughed nervously.

"What! Go on the stage, and be an actress?" she exclaimed.

"Hooray! Why, it's Cynthy Brown, after all," piped one of the small boys in the window, and was unexpectedly precipitated to the ground by the rogue of a younger brother below, who had applied a thistle, growing conveniently near, to the feet of the spectators.

"You little wretches!" exclaimed the Spanish maiden.

A shutter was drawn, darkness quenched the dazzling light, and the small boys were left seated in a ditch to think the matter over at their leisure.

In the mean while Crampton had assumed its best bonnet, scented its handkerchief with Cologne, taken its Sunday fan from the bureau drawer, where that article reposed during the week, and paid twenty-five cents admission to the Town-hall entertainment. Crampton's curiosity was simply intense. Would it not have recklessly squandered double the sum if only to enjoy a fresh opportunity of criticising the "doings" of the city lady, Mrs. Townsend Van Horne? Besides, any money collected on the occasion was to be devoted to a church organ; and it was Thanksgiving night. Mrs. Townsend Van Horne, known to the small boys and the greenroom as the Spanish maiden, had come to Crampton in the summer, and lingered through the autumn, being devoted to nature, as she expressed it. Crampton must criticise her, the horses she brought, the probability of her having spoiled her complexion with "paint"—a vague reproach applied indiscriminately to ladies of fashion from town—the doubt as to her possessing a good character—another stone hurled at the metropolis with equal impartiality by the country—and the amount of her income. It had been an eventful day when Crampton had read with its own eyes in a city journal Mrs. Townsend Van Horne's printed description of a "rural paradise" which she had discovered back among the mountains. Crampton stared at its mountains with a wholly new and speculative interest, and sniffed its pure breezes much as a merchant might test his wares. Already the city lady had driven the hotel proprietor wild with visions of a summer resort, when he had been previously contented with the proceeds of the annual fair.

Only Mrs. Brown, with a flash of the old fire in her eyes, had said to her daughter Cynthia, who was picking peas in the garden ostensibly, while peeping at James Hard through the hedge,

"Your father might write himself into his grave on the beauties of Crampton, and the neighbors would not buy one of his books to keep us from starving."

"The minister has a copy of father's poems, and—Mr. Hard," faltered Cynthia, very busy with the green vines as soon as her lilac calico gown had attracted the notice of James.

"The Hards—our enemies!" repeated mother, irritably.

James Hard entered the Town-hall at eight o'clock. The great lantern above the door, used solely at elections, was lighted; the candy store of Hannah Grimes, opposite, was still open, and not only driving a brisk trade in peppermint sticks and pea-nuts over the counter, but suggesting also, by means of a blue placard, that guests could be furnished with ice-cream at one shilling a saucer in Mrs. Grimes's parlor. Every theatre has its café. The young man had donned his best garments and eagerly joined the throng, asking himself uneasily what this fancy of Mrs. Townsend Van Horne for pretty Cynthia Brown meant. By no means spoiled by prosperity, although he was the crown prince, the great match, of Crampton, wearing his Sunday clothes somewhat stiffly, when the blue flannel shirt and broad straw hat of the hay fields made him positively handsome, James Hard gazed at the curtain of the little stage, and seated himself. There was Mrs. Brown, querulous and depressed, in a black bonnet of lugubrious aspect, and scarcely returning his greeting. There were his father, Squire Hard, and his mother in rustling silk, looking very warm. When would Mrs. Brown forget the old family grudge about the property? Young James, full of generous impulses, would fain bury the hatchet still brandished by soured, trouble-worn Mrs. Brown, he having reaped only the advantage in his day, and none of the bitterness of the transaction.

Crampton cracked its jokes when James appeared in the audience. Why was he not a play-actor with Cynthy Brown? Do the facetious elders reflect on the misunderstandings, separations, and heart-aches occasioned by their chaff?

Banish the old gentleman who looks sly before the flower of love has fairly bloomed, and the old lady who ostentatiously leaves the young people to themselves, and there would be more happy marriages in this world. James laughed and flushed; his father puckered those gray eyebrows so well known in Crampton, and Mrs. Brown bit her lip angrily.

A bell tinkled, and the curtain rose. Had the same mirage which bewildered the small boys crept between James and the mimic stage? What a vision of loveliness was the Sultana, reclining on silk cushions, with all those borrowed jewels flashing on arm and neck! Plain James Hard, used to the prosaic routine of farm and village life, was dazzled. Was this the Cynthy who wore lilac calico on summer mornings, and picked peas in the garden? The blood bounded in his warm young pulse, stirred by the glance of the dilating blue eyes, the peculiar, far-away repose of the girl's face. Never had Cynthia's features worn that look before.

Crampton gazed at the tableau silently, then acknowledged the slow descent of obscuring curtain with subdued exclamation and a resumption of fan-waving. Mrs. Van Horne's coachman, in the background, clapped his hands.

Squire Hard sniffed disapprovingly, and observed,

"That city woman is making a fool of Mrs. Brown's girl."

Again the curtain ascended. The Sultana grew pale, moved, glanced timidly at a wing where a red boot was visible, and began to sing. Crampton nodded in gentle approbation. Cynthy was a born musician, had sung hymns with the sweetest little pipe in infancy, had been the pride of the school-master in budding maidenhood, now graced the choir at meeting. The girl's voice, pure, fresh, thrilling, like the soft cadences of a bird, rose, after the first falter of embarrassment, in sustained harmony, and concluded the song triumphantly. How Cynthy could sing! To be sure, the tune was not much, some new-fangled air taught by the city woman, yet Crampton was delighted. Squire Hard was silent, the nearest approach to praise ever bestowed by him. He disapproved of the "yellow thing" on Cynthy's head, yet his sense of justice demanded that he should be silent if she had done her best. James Hard, with a pang of wonder, devoured the radiant figure on the stage with longing eyes, from the objectionable turban down to the little Turkish shoe. The young man could not tell why that gulf of space filled him with dread. Pshaw! he was jealous.

After that everything became a whirl of feverish excitement to this lover. Mrs. Townsend Van Horne might warble Spanish songs, with her head on one side and a guitar in her lap, the "other girls" pose in rigid attitudes as Graces, Fates, or wax figures, James was deaf and blind until a slender form glided shyly on the stage again.

Cynthia Brown, in a gown of her grandmother's—faded brocade, short waist, gloves drawn above dimpled elbows, and a coal-scuttle bonnet held by the strings—courtesied demurely, and soothed the ear of Crampton with the old ballad, "Evelyn's Bower."

Skillful Mrs. Townsend Van Horne! Crampton was charmed, and any previous doubt as to the twenty-five cents' admission forever vanished.

"I call that something like," Squire Hard was surprised into saying.

Cynthia tripped out of the greenroom, sure of finding her cavalier waiting.

"Did I act well?" inquired Vanity, stooping toward him, so that her perfumed breath stirred the curly locks on his temple.

"Beyond all anticipations. Come along the river path, Cynthy," he whispered.

Mrs. Van Horne appeared, planting her scarlet boot on the gossamer web of opportunity.

"Are you here, Cynthia? I am afraid to move in the dark. Goodness! Is that a cow?"

"It's Mr. Hard," hesitated Cynthia.

"I am going West on business for father to-morrow," murmured the young man.

"Good-by, then," retorted Cynthia, lightly, and repented the next moment. The river path was smooth and alluring.

In her little chamber Cynthia studied a photograph of the interior of La Scala, Milan. Why had Mrs. Townsend Van Horne given it to the simple country girl? Her motive was surely not an evil one; the child amused her, the picture had no value, and the lady was what is often termed in amateur circles devotedly musical. That night Cynthia dreamed that the faint impress of La Scala in the photograph had become pillar, and gallery above gallery to the lofty height of dome, while she, as heroine of the hour, moved on the stage. O glorious cloud-land, gemmed with lights! She climbed from rapture to rapture, following her own soaring voice, and the world applauded. She was famous, rich, great; the limitless expanded before her.

Ah, James Hard, walking home beneath the stars, angry and humiliated, greater space divides you from the girl in the humble chamber than the sparkling brook, making music beneath the shadowy bridge, and your father's broad acres! The careless hand of Mrs. Townsend Van Horne has held the conch-shell to Cynthia's rapt, listening ear, and she hears the first sweet murmurs of the Lurlei's song.

II.

Crampton was wrapped in winter snow-drifts, but seeds germinated beneath the mantle. James Hard had not returned from that Western journey. Already a rumor spread through the village that he was engaged to an Illinois heiress, Squire Hard's creed being similar to the Yorkshire farmer's:

> "Do not marry for money,
> But go where money is."

Cynthia heard it, grew pale, and made a journey with mother. This journey also was destined to bear fruit. Mrs. Brown was the wife of a local poet, and believed in him in a dolorous fashion. Mr. Brown had commemorated the beauties of his native hills in verse, and beaten his heart against the prison bars in attempting to publish them. Certainly the rambling, gushing letter of Mrs. Townsend Van Horne in a fashionable journal made more impression on the village than all the effusions of its bard. Crampton viewed the late Mr. Brown as one who suffered the crops to lie ungarnered while he bit the end of a pencil and frowned at the sky. No wonder Squire Hard drove a close bargain over the property, and litigation failed to wrest it from him. Mrs. Brown brooded over the wrongs of a lonely widowhood, and Squire Hard considered her daughter Cynthia an undesirable match for his son.

Mrs. Townsend Van Horne had departed, the Crampton House closed its best chambers, and the landlord was left to gloomy reaction. The lady seemed to say to every one, "Why not make more of yourself?"

The secret journey made by Mrs. Brown and Cynthia was to consult her on the musical capacities of the latter. Cynthia had always been the voice of the house, trolling ditties all day long. Was she also a Jenny Lind? Mrs. Van Horne received these rustic guests affably; her attentions were now absorbed by a Norwegian pianist. Cynthia must go to Europe; study in no American city would serve as well. Mrs. Van Horne gave her a letter of introduction, which would insure protection; might run over to the Continent herself in the autumn; would certainly attend Cynthia's début. Mother was aghast. The utmost limit of ambition had been to place her child in New York. Her heart failed her: should she turn back now? She had waited in hopeless inaction all these years, and if a golden opportunity came she must grasp it in her nervous, eager fingers. What if Cynthia should earn more money by singing than had been lost to Squire Hard? One read of such things. Mrs. Brown mortgaged her remaining land and the roof above her head that her daughter might become a prima donna.

Crampton was galvanized by the news. Cynthy Brown was going to Europe to study music. Was there not music enough in her own land? Never had a native of the village taken such a high flight before, and therein lay some glory.

On a day of early summer a young man stepped on board an ocean steamer. Once on deck, he discovered the object of his search, a girl leaning against the bulwark, wiping away a furtive tear.

"Cynthia!" He grasped both of her hands, a pained entreaty in his tone.

She looked up at him with a flash in her soft eyes.

"Well, where is your heiress?"

"My heiress! I do not understand. Why have we played at hide-and-seek like this?"

"I don't know," said Cynthy, tremulously, half wistfully.

"You never told *me* your plans," cried the young man.

"You gave me no chance. If you speak like that I shall break down. There! I am going out into the world. Forget me."

He turned to the mother fiercely with a glance she failed to meet.

"How dared you separate us forever?"

Mrs. Brown was always cowed by resolute men.

"Did you care—for Cynthy?" she murmured.

"Promise to send me word if you ever need friends," he said, in a choking voice, and was swept back to shore with the tide of humanity.

There was a confused hissing of steam, voices, bells, a mighty surge of machinery set in motion, and then a fair face drifting away to the horizon.

III.

Two years later the November evening had closed in, raw and gloomy, on the city of Paris, which of all modern capitals most requires the warmth of sunshine and the splendor of starlight. Rain descended steadily, the boulevards were slippery with mud, and the mist clung to the trees of the squares like a fog garment.

The maestro's salons were brilliantly illuminated at nine o'clock, and the world of his neighborhood was thereby given to understand that the occasion would prove one of his evenings. The maestro was always giving "evenings," attended by the rich and great, to the envy of rival instructors and the factious who did not believe in him. A smooth and courteous Italian, with an impenetrable black eye, of prosperous aspect, and in the zenith of his glory, this maestro, having wisely chosen in his day the Paris of artistic perfection for his field. He was the composer of charming songs, such as find their way to every boudoir, like a new perfume, and was rumored to be devoting spare hours to an opera, which would inevitably combine the classical erudition of Cherubini with the richest harmonies of Rossini. In the mean while he was reaping a harvest by teaching young aspirants to fame, who flocked to him chiefly from America.

Two women alighted from a cab on the wet pavement.

"I am sorry to drag you out at night, mother dear, when your head aches," said the younger, assisting her companion. "It is not proper in these countries for me to come alone, though. We will sit in a quiet corner and listen."

"Never mind my head. I shall live through it all, I dare say," returned the mother, wearily. That querulous tone could belong only to Mrs. Brown of Crampton.

"I wish we had never come abroad!" said the girl, in a tone of sharp pain, pausing on the curb-stone. "I wish we had staid at home—and died!"

"Dear me, how foolish you are!" retorted the mother, fretfully.

A second carriage had paused before the maestro's door, a stylish equipage with liveries and prancing horses, from which emerged a beautiful lady, who had graciously consented to inspect rising talent. She was no other than the diva of her day, smiling, good-humored, enjoying her supremacy, and gazed up to longingly by the would-be débutantes of all lands.

The maestro received so distinguished a guest with homage; a flutter of excitement spread through the ranks of his pupils; the diva was all affability to the young creatures who so evidently adored her. Cynthia Brown, also flushing and trembling, had discovered a sheltered corner for her mother. Mrs. Brown was always embarrassed and ill at ease in such assemblages. The maestro's scholars were required to entertain the diva with the most classical duets, the most showy bravuras, and endless vocal gymnastics. She continued to smile, possibly because she saw no future rival in any of them. A heavy-browed Russian girl had sung in the deepest contralto tones, a pretty South American had warbled with grace and vivacity, an English maiden had acquitted herself creditably, if tremulously. Suddenly Mrs. Brown tapped her daughter on the arm, a vivid, hectic spot burning on her own sunken cheek.

"He is beckoning to you, Cynthy," she whispered.

"Oh no!" shuddered Cynthia, drawing back.

The maestro was regarding her meditatively, and stroking his mustache.

"The Signora Bianchi is not coming, after all," he said. "Do you think you could try 'Robert, toi que j'aime?'".

"Yes," assented Cynthia, with parching lips and beating heart.

Ah! the diva raised her head with sudden attention, and looked at Cynthia Brown, as she was led across the polished floor to the piano. She was a lovely vision in an exquisite toilet of blue and silver, for Cynthia must be well dressed in public, however plain, even rusty, was mother's black gown. The fair face had lost some of its youthful roundness, there was a perplexed, even anxious, expression in the blue eyes; otherwise here was a most radiant butterfly escaped from the chrysalis of a home-made merino gown. One can learn so much in foreign lands!

The piano gave forth a melodious prelude under the maestro's skillful fingers, the human instrument, already overstrained, a harsh, discordant wail. Cynthia, with a scared, white face, put her hand to her throat, stopped abruptly, and glanced wildly around. The meaning clear to all others came last to herself—her voice had broken.

After that the maestro was kindly offering her a glass of water as she reclined on a sofa in another room, but she had not lost consciousness. The diva had risen to speak words as she passed which she failed to understand. The dumb anguish and entreaty of her look had been only to take her away from the room, the lights, the people. If she could only *hide!*

The maestro was saying to Mrs. Brown, whose face had grown as pale as Cynthia's, that doubtless she had overtaxed her strength, and her voice might even require rest. She must wait in this outer room until she recovered sufficiently to hear the diva sing. Cynthia assented meekly; mother was dumb, gazing at the carpet. A tall, cynical-looking gentleman, with curling mustaches, and a glittering order on his breast, had accosted the maestro on the threshold. A break in the music brought this fragment of conversation to Cynthia.

"The American girl in blue has sufficient beauty to be a success here in Paris—eh?" from the cynical personage.

"I can not give them all wings," returned the maestro, shrugging his shoulders.

Had failure come to that? The girl patted her mother's hand.

"I must rest, and then it will all come right again," she whispered, huskily.

"Yes," said mother, still gazing at the carpet.

Listen! The diva was singing; soft, rich notes, rounded, pure, and of a pearly distinctness, reached Cynthia, as she crouched on the sofa of the anteroom, in wave after wave of modulated harmonies. God gives one such voice to a generation, and seldom more. The thrush and wood-pigeon may warble and coo after a very sweet fashion in their own sheltered nooks, but they can not be converted into nightingales. The maestro had attempted to make of Cynthia Brown, the wood-pigeon, a nightingale. Why not? It was his profession. A man does not reject the bread brought to his mouth.

Cynthia rose, a ghost in aspect, and fled, the beautiful voice following and haunting her through the noisy streets. Mrs. Brown was silent until they had climbed to the fifth story of the large, shabby maison meublée where they had rooms.

"We might go home and take in sewing. The land is gone."

"Wait," said Cynthia, piteously. "Mother, it is Thanksgiving night."

"I might be forgiven for forgetting such dates in a foreign land," replied the mother, bitterly. "Well, go to bed, child. We shall all get through some time; your father did."

Cynthia was practicing heroism; she kissed her mother good-night, and sat down alone. She had learned to keep many things from the older, weaker woman, and would have concealed this last blow, if possible. Left to herself she burst into convulsive sobs. The shock had come with such awful suddenness, had been so overwhelming, so unexpected, that the girl's very youth seemed to shrivel in a fiery, lightning flash to crumbling ashes. "She must rest." What did that mean? How could she afford to rest, with the slender store of money in the bank dwindling in expensive lessons, and the fulfillment receding ever to the horizon? She had practiced the trills and roulades of the very aria at least a dozen times during the day; few students make such progress as she had done in so brief a time. She had been a docile and tractable pupil, studying early and late, always with that goad to fresh exertion of mother, homesick and frightened in a foreign land, awaiting the result of all the sacrifices made with a certain sour patience. The months had slipped by, and Cynthia's tongue ceased to falter in other languages. The Browns had sought Paris as the art centre of the world, but when they reached the metropolis, weary, timid, and anxious, the family to whom Mrs. Van Horne commended them had just sailed for America. Cynthia had written the lady, who did not reply for six months, owing to illness, she said, and while her expressions of interest were pleasant, they partook of so vague a character that even poor Cynthia was made to perceive her existence had become irksome to the great Mrs. Townsend Van Horne, who was now turning her attention to founding art schools.

When the crowd ebbed away from the Paris streets to Enghien, the Pyrenees, or Vichy, Cynthia still sang scales in her shabby salon, while mother panted at the window. There was a nerve-tension, a feverish eagerness to excel, in this strain of accumulating work pitiable to behold. The girl must bear the burden on her slender young shoulders, while mother, bewildered by foreign speech, ignorant in all such matters, looked on, sourly patient. The great step in life had been taken, and could not be retraced. If Mrs. Van Horne would give no further advice, Cynthia must act for herself. To gain a foot-hold, to become famous, rich, no matter what gulfs lay between, or what pressure of speed employed, such was the fatal creed with which the girl from Crampton had become imbued.

In the maestro's salon she had failed miserably and disgracefully. Pooh! that was stage fright. Her voice needed rest. Had he not told her she had best go on to Italy?

She dried her eyes, and went to the window, unmindful of her pretty dress. Mother had said they could go home and sew for a living. Never!

Paris was outspread before her weary eyes in the rain and darkness, promising its many victims glory, success, renown; failing these, the Seine flowed in shadow past the Hôtel de Ville, the Place de Grève. Cynthia knelt and gazed forth blankly from the casement. The most opposite picture reverted to her mind. She saw a meadow on the slope of a mountain, and two children, boy and girl, seated among the fragrant heaps of hay, mimicking the blackbird's note. The boy had placed a tempting pear in the little girl's lap.

"Sing 'Black Sheep,' and kiss me for it," he had demanded.

She had complied, and the two baby mouths met. The boy was James Hard, the girl Cynthia Brown, and all this had happened in another world.

The living Cynthia, crushed and worn, prayed for the recovery of her voice, blindly and despairingly, until the scent of the hay seemed to float up to her; there was a clatter of wooden sabots, and swish of brooms on the pavement, and a pale light announced the coming day.

IV.

Milan on a September day of fierce heat, the Lombardy plains choked with clouds of white dust, and the horizon line of Alps lost in a mist of sultry vapors. What a garish, noisy, modern city it is in such weather! No cool shadow of lofty palaces, no cavernous archways beside dripping fountains; only a galleria with roof of glass, like a conservatory. But there is ever the Cathedral, and in the tremulous rays of heat its airy pinnacles, springing upward toward blue ether, seemed fashioned of ice and snow.

A clock struck four when a young man with the familiar red guide-book in his hand which denotes the traveller, crossed the dazzling, blinding space of square and entered the sacred edifice. Delicious contrast of darkness only illumined by the jewelled lights of stained windows, of vast space overhead, of vistas formed by pillars like the branching forest trees! The young man was silent; incense fanned his brow, and clustering tapers gleamed on the distant altars like stars of gold. The stately splendor of the temple held him spell-bound, until a verger, hovering near, demanded if he wished to see the shrine of St. Charles Borromeo, and led him away to the crypt accordingly.

At the same hour two other persons approached from an opposite direction, and skirting the king's palace also entered the church. The younger woman was supporting the footsteps of the older, who looked worn and ill.

"I know it's more bad news," said the latter, drearily. "How can we bear more?"

"No, no," rejoined the girl, hurriedly. "Come into the church, mother, where it is dark and cool, while I read the letter."

Shocked alarm, incredulity, and pain were all stamped on the girl's features. She was striving to control herself for the sake of that feeble, complaining mother, and by escaping into the friendly gloom of the cathedral gain time to face a terrible misfortune. The Cynthia Brown of Crampton was no longer here; her yellow hair was dragged back from her brow, dark lines of fatigue and anxiety were discernible beneath her dull eyes, every outline about her had sharpened. Even as Job's tidings of calamity were borne from the four quarters, she dreaded new evils. A year ago she had come to Milan, warned to use her voice sparingly—and wait for restoration. Wait, with mother fretting, and the precious grains of time slipping through her fingers! It was like being brought to the fountain and forbidden to drink. Here was this letter from America; Cynthia obtained a chair for her mother in the nave, and moved away to collect herself.

"Oh, I know it is bad news," said the mother, dolorously.

Bad news? The girl absolutely reeled when she thought of her letter. She dared not tell her mother just yet. The great house of Langham Brothers had sent the Browns out into the world armed with a bit of blue paper, which certified that it would be responsible for a modest sum deposited in their name. Perish the skeptic who doubted Langham Brothers, a firm founded on hereditary respectability! Squire Hard would have commended the wisdom of Mrs. Brown's choice. You might call the bank old fogy or slow coach if you like, but safe as the Bank of England in these times of daring risks and mad speculation. Now Cynthia read in her letter that the great house had failed, and in collapsing revealed to a sadly confiding public a hollow core, wasting away all these years. Wide-spread desolation of comfortable homes stripped to unexpected poverty, of crippled age reduced to want, of other letters of credit stopped abroad; in all these possibilities the girl Cynthia could only behold herself. Every penny they owned in the world was in the possession of Langham Brothers, a tiny rill in their fountain of gold; her studies were incomplete, her voice overstrained, the land and house at Crampton mortgaged to be paid off with her earnings as prima donna. How could they reach America without money or friends?

Cynthia, driven on blindly by her own misery, afraid of her mother's questions, a shape wan and gray even in the rich glory of those lofty windows, had wandered beyond the great golden crucifix into the chancel. Lo! a young man, with a red guide-book, emerged from the crypt.

"Cynthia!"

"James!"

Questions, answers, sobs, hands clasped, and eyes searching each other's face dreamily, incredulous yet of the sweet reality in so troubled a world. The old priests looked on disapprovingly, the young acolytes with boyish unconcern.

"I have been searching for you in Paris. Cynthia, father is dead," said James, in subdued tones.

"Ah! but there is mother, and I can not tell her about the bank," returned Cynthia, piteously.

"Leave all to me, dear. We must go home."

Cynthia smiled tremulously; she felt so old; then flushed.

"My voice is injured. Do you mind?" she questioned, timidly.

"I am glad of it," he whispered in her ear.

On Thanksgiving night the stars again sparkle above the village of Crampton, frequented no more by the fashionable lady, Mrs. Townsend Van Horne, who is rumored to have become an amateur sculptress in Rome. Lights glow in the windows of the Hard mansion, and as the crown prince, now its master, enters the door, mother, serene and smiling, with a knitted sock in her hand, approaches cautiously.

"Hush!" she says, and they both pause on a threshold.

Cynthia is singing to her baby, soft, sweet, and low as of old. There she sits, a golden-haired Madonna, absorbed in dreamy contemplation of the tiny life dependent upon her own, forgetful of the years spent in Paris and Milan, no longer wincing at the sharp sting of her own failure; and the homestead has found a voice, just as the little house by the road-side was once made vocal by her presence.

The wood-pigeon can never be made a nightingale.

SHELLS.

IN different parts of the world trumpets fashioned from shells are in use by herdsmen for calling their cattle. The laborers on West Indian plantations are summoned to and from work by an instrument of this kind, and in some parts of Wales call-shells have long been employed. The lamps used in Indian temples are frequently made of shells. The Dyaks of Borneo expend much labor upon carving from the huge shell of the *Tridacna gigas*, or "Dutchman's cockle," armlets of great beauty. In texture these ornaments resemble ivory, but retain their original pure white color untarnished by time. Amongst other uses to which this, the largest shell known, is put may be mentioned its employment as a basin for garden fountains, as a dish for holy-water in Roman Catholic churches, and as a vase for flowers. A more ready way of forming shell bracelets than that referred to above is practiced by the natives of Dacca. They select the strong and heavy chank shell (*Turbinella pyrum*), and by sawing it across at particular points get out rings of shell that require only a little polishing to fit them for use. This shell is also employed as a burnisher for native-made calico and paper. The process is a laborious one, but the results are highly satisfactory.

Everybody is familiar with shell cameos. The art of cameo-cutting is of high antiquity, and was brought to great perfection by the Greeks. Until modern times, however, the only materials used by the artists were different kinds of precious stones, but chiefly the variegated onyx. About the year 1805 the art of making shell cameos was introduced into Rome, having been conveyed from Sicily, where it is believed to have originated. Forty years ago it found its way to Paris, where it has been carried on to a greater or less extent ever since. Now the finest shell cameos are produced at Rome and Genoa, those made in France being designed for a cheaper market. There are four varieties of shells used for cameos, namely, the Bull's Mouth (*Cassis rufa*), the under layer of which is red, resembling the sardonyx; the Black Helmet (*Cassis madagascarensis*), the ground of which is a dark onyx; the Horned Helmet (*Cassis cornutum*), which has a yellow ground; and the Queen's Conch (*Strombus gigas*), the ground of which is of a pinkish hue. For cameo-cutting, it is necessary that the shells should have three layers or strata of different-colored material: the lower to form the ground, the middle for the figure, and the upper to mark the hair, wreath, or other prominent part. Having selected and cut out a portion of shell suitable for his purpose, the artist fixes it with cement on a piece of wood of convenient size and shape for holding in one hand. He then sketches with a pencil an outline of the design. All the substance of the shell outside this is removed by scraping or filing till the ground layer is reached; then by the careful use of a series of delicate tools the work is completed. Many of the French cameos are sent to Birmingham to be mounted. At present shell cameos are not in much demand in England, but purchasers for them are found in the British colonies and in the United States.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WOMAN who had buried four husbands was sadly contemplating their pictures. "Your poor father is in heaven, I hope," she said to her little five-year-old. "Which one, mamma?" inquired the little innocent. "Why, your own, own dear father." "And are the others all burned up?" The mother didn't answer the conundrum.

A foreign contemporary says that there are more watches worn in the United States than in any other country; but do the people have a better time?

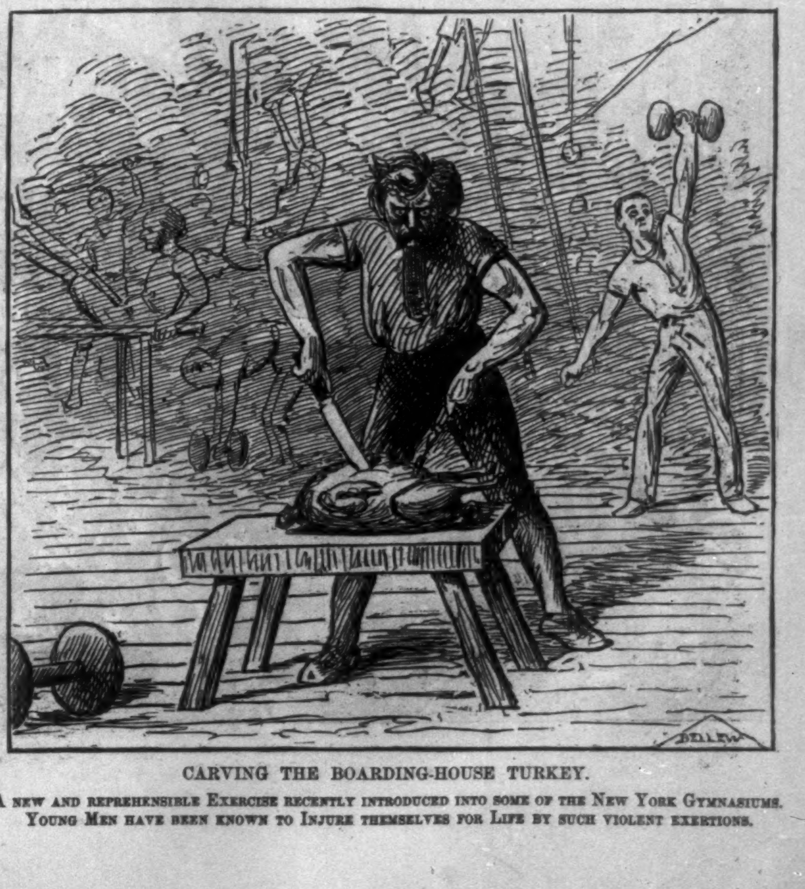
Mr. Enoch Arden, mariner, must have been afflicted with catarrh when he moaned on the desert isle, "Nose ail from day to day."

Some females have just been arrested in Kentucky for the manufacture of illicit whiskey. This is the first recorded instance of a woman keeping still.

"If I punish you," said mamma to her little girl, "you don't suppose I do so for my pleasure, do you?" "Then whose pleasure is it for, mamma?"

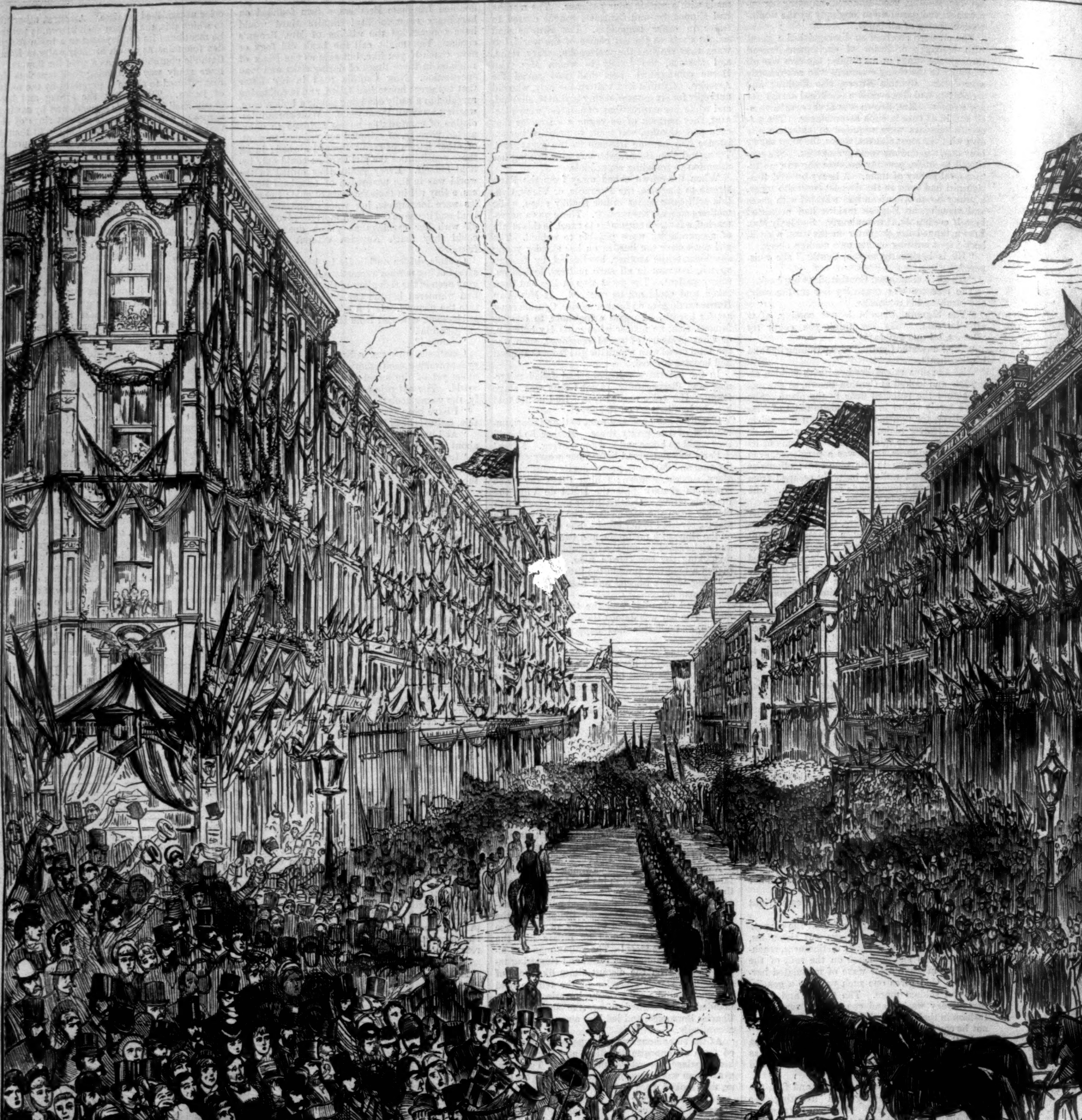
A hardware clerk who was a little green at the business sent a couple of lifting jacks around to a customer who had ordered a pair of razors.

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperon until she is able to call some other chap her own.

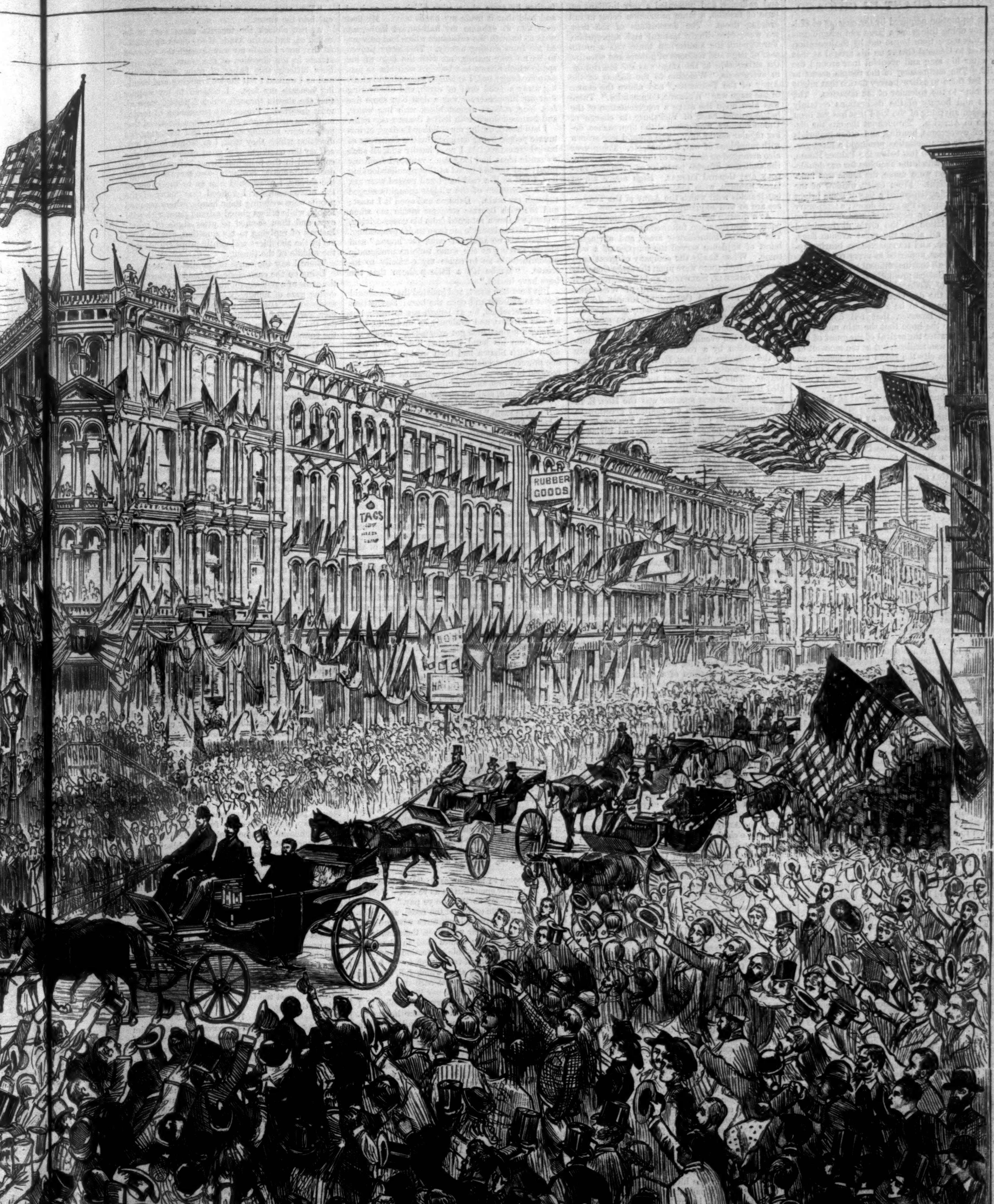


CARVING THE BOARDING-HOUSE TURKEY.

A NEW AND REPREHENSIBLE EXERCISE RECENTLY INTRODUCED INTO SOME OF THE NEW YORK GYMNASIUMS. YOUNG MEN HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO INJURE THEMSELVES FOR LIFE BY SUCH VIOLENT EXERTIONS.



GENERAL GRANT AT CHICAGO—THE GRAND PROCESSION.—From Pho


RUBBER GOODS
TAGS
HATS

rom Photographs by Copeland and Sketches by Davis and Schults.—[See Page 958.]

GENERAL GRANT IN CHICAGO.

The reputation acquired by the citizens of Chicago for doing things on a large and magnificent scale was more than borne out by the reception tendered to General Grant on his arrival at that city after his long and eventful tour around the world. The enthusiasm of the people seems to have led them to exhaust every device that might contribute to the splendor of the occasion. The extent and beauty of the decorations certainly surpassed anything of the kind that has yet been known in America. Throughout the city the display of evergreens, bunting, and other materials for out-door ornamentation produced a most gorgeous effect. From just below the Palmer House, the point from which the sketches for our double-page illustration were made, the scene was indescribably brilliant. From every window of the immense building depended a flag of some bright hue; arches spanned the great doors; a temporary balcony, elaborately decorated, was erected for the accommodation of the city's distinguished guests; while all along the great avenue flags, flowers, lanterns, and transparencies, bearing appropriate mottoes, appeared at every point.

The hero of all this magnificent parade reached Chicago from Galena promptly at one o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday the 12th. Unfortunately for all, the day chosen for the great ovation did not prove to be a pleasant one. The heavy showers, however, that fell during the morning led to the hope that the rain might not last. Shortly after the arrival of the guest of the day this hope was realized, but at the moment of his entering the city the storm raged fiercely, so that some little difficulty was encountered in setting the huge machinery of the procession in motion.

The signal announcing the arrival of the train was the firing of a major-general's salute, and as the guest alighted he was met by the Mayor and Citizens' Committee. The pouring rain had, of course, a depressing effect, but the thousands of people who thronged the Lake Park and all the adjacent streets did not seem to heed it in the least, but pressed forward to get as near as possible to General Grant's carriage. Haste was made to set the procession in motion, and in a short time the column began to move down Michigan Avenue, which was crowded with moist spectators from one end to the other, as far as the line of march extended. By-and-by the sky cleared, the sun came out, and made everything infinitely brighter. The militia led, followed by all the veteran organizations; then came the civic societies, with a large number of carriages, and finally the Fire Department, with thousands of vehicles of every description, with all sorts of mottoes. The head of the column had reached a long distance down town before the wagons had fallen into line. The police had great difficulty in clearing the way. Grant was everywhere greeted with the most vociferous cheering. As the procession moved down town toward Washington, State, and Lake streets the jam of human beings became, if possible, greater than ever. By two o'clock the head of the procession had passed the corner of Washington Street and Fifth Avenue. The sky was then perfectly clear, and the streets along which the parade passed were literally impassable. Every available inch of standing-room on sidewalks and steps was occupied, and every window had its spectators. The number of people in the streets it was, of course, impossible to estimate, but some idea of the length of the procession may be had from the fact that it took two hours to pass any given point.

General Grant left the procession at the Palmer House, and reviewed it from a temporary balcony. Not until this was accomplished, and the troops and members of the different associations had passed on to Madison Street and been dismissed, was the hero of the day formally welcomed by Mayor Harrison, who spoke from the large rotunda of the hotel. The Mayor's address contained the usual words of welcome, and some very pleasant allusions to the modesty with which General Grant had borne the honors heaped upon him, in which, according to the opinion of the speaker, he had emulated the spirit of Washington. The General's reply was characteristically brief and simple, and as follows:

> "Mr. Mayor, and Gentlemen of the Committee of Reception of Chicago; Gentlemen of Chicago and of Illinois: I feel very much honored by the welcome which I am receiving at your hands to-day. I feel highly honored by the pledge of welcome which has been uttered by your worthy Mayor, which is something so personal to myself it would be hardly in good taste for me to respond to the language of it; and it leaves, therefore, nothing for me to do but to convey my thanks to this committee of citizens of this city for the hearty reception which they have given me. To one allusion to my reception abroad I will say that in every case I felt that it was a tribute to our own country. I will add further that our country stands differently abroad in the estimation of European and Eastern nations from what it did a quarter of a century ago. At that time it was believed we had no nation; it was merely a confederation of States, tied together by a rope of sand, and would give way upon the slightest friction. They have found it was a grand mistake. They know that we have now a nation; that we are a nation of strong and intelligent and brave people, capable of judging and knowing our rights, and determined on all occasions to maintain them against either a domestic or foreign foe; and that is the reception you, as a nation, have received through me while I was abroad."

Upon the conclusion of the General's brief speech an informal reception was held; but dinner-time soon arrived, and the tired hero drove to the house of his son Colonel Fred Grant, there to dine and prepare for the great event of the evening. This was the reception given by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, which took place at Haverly's Theatre. Punctually by half past seven o'clock the principal actors in the pleasant ceremonies were gathered within this building, as well as a brilliant audience. The latter, consisting exclusively of the members of the Army of the Tennessee, with their wives and invited guests, literally filled the auditorium and galleries, and presented a very brilliant coterie of fashion, a large proportion being in full evening dress. The decorations of the theatre were exceedingly tasteful and appropriate. Throughout the auditorium there was a profusion of flags and festoons of flowers and wreaths. On either side of the stage was the inscription, in evergreens, "Welcome to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee," and above the centre of the stage was "Welcome, Commander." There was also upon the stage a representation of the battle-ground back of Vicksburg, in charge of Union soldiers, who guarded the approaches, doing regular sentry duty. The ground was strewn with munitions of war, fascines, etc. There were also arranged on each side of the stage, and facing the audience, life-size portraits of President Lincoln and General Thomas. High above all, on large banners, were inscribed the names of the battle-fields with which the Army of the Tennessee are so well acquainted.

At a quarter before eight General Sherman appeared upon the stage, followed by General Grant. The audience immediately arose, and a ringing burst of applause served the purpose of a welcome. When finally the company of great ones had appeared, there were upon the stage Generals Grant, Sherman, Schofield, and Crook, Rear-Admiral Stevens, Governors Smith, of Wisconsin, Gear, of Iowa, and Cullom, of Illinois, Judges Drummond and Gresham, and many others whose names civil and military honors have made familiar. General Sherman presided, and the ceremonies of the evening were opened in true military fashion by a reveille. After an overture by the orchestra, the Rev. H. W. Thomas, a prominent Methodist clergyman of Chicago, offered prayer. This was followed by the "Star-spangled Banner," after which came the addresses of welcome. The first speaker was the Hon. E. B. Washburne, who gave an eloquent greeting to the members of the Army of the Tennessee, on behalf of the people of the land, and reviewed with force and feeling the deeds of these men during the war. Mr. Washburne was followed by Governor Cullom and Mayor Harrison. Then came a song, "Marching Through Georgia," after which General Sherman responded to the addresses of welcome.

The orator of the evening was General W. Q. Gresham, who delivered the annual address. This was a long and able oration, which completely held the attention of the audience. On its conclusion General Sherman rose and announced the close of the ceremonies, whereupon there was an immediate call for General Grant. This was persisted in until he was finally compelled to accept the situation. He first suggested, however, that it was better to follow the programme. As his name was not down for a speech, he failed to convince his audience, who laughed and renewed their demands. Then came the longest speech that General Grant has ever been known to make in his life. Hitherto there has been no difficulty in giving all his public utterances in full even in a short article, but this, which in print actually measures nearly a third of a column in length, we shall condense. In substance it was a warm greeting to his former comrades in arms, an allusion to his journey through various countries abroad, and a comparison between them and our own, ending with a burst of patriotism that found a warm response among his listeners. On the conclusion of his speech there was a burst of applause; after which, in response to calls, a few brief and generally witty speeches were made by Generals Sheridan, Pope, Schofield, Senator Oglesby, and Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain). Finally, at ten minutes past eleven o'clock, the trumpeters having sounded "tattoo," General Sherman announced that the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee stood adjourned till ten o'clock the following morning, and the audience withdrew while the orchestra played. This ended the first day of General Grant's sojourn in Chicago; but during the week one reception followed another, different associations and private citizens vying with each other which should offer their guest the most elaborate and splendid entertainments.

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

I.

"Now, yer honor, jist lie quiet and aisy, keep the gun on full cock and all ready, but never shtir a limb till I give the curlew's cry, and then look out, for the birds 'll be just within shot of ye."

So spoke Shawn, my Herculean henchman, as he laid the last bunch of heather on my quivering body, and having satisfied himself that I was perfectly well concealed from human sight, he prepared to creep off to the spot where he had seen the wild-geese alight, in order to drive the unconscious victims directly over my head. I nodded as he gave his instructions, and ere he crept away promised implicitly to obey his commands. But I felt anything but comfortable in my novel position. My bed was the bare bog-land, oozy and soft with the soaking of the heavy winter rains, my covering the half-withered heather which Shawn had uprooted from the hill-side. And the month was March! There had been no snow in Storport for many weeks past; the hills all around me were black and desolate as the sky which loomed above; but the bitter March wind came creeping over the hill, and smote me with chilly hands. I lay patiently for some time, the sportsman-like ardor in my heart preventing the wind from utterly freezing my limbs; but at length my patience got exhausted, and I began to stir. Suddenly I heard the faint whistle of the curlew; two minutes after I saw a flock of wild-geese pass almost directly over my head. I fired aimlessly, and missed.

Then I found that my garments were completely soaked with bog water, and that my limbs had sunk several inches deep in the oozy ground—nay, more, that they were only prevented from sinking farther by some obstruction which was so hard and cold that it made my bones ache. My first care was to exhume my half-buried limbs, my next to unearth the substance which had prevented me from sinking utterly. This latter proved to be no easy matter, but with the help of the spade which Shawn had brought with him to prepare my boggy bed, I at length succeeded in clearing away a good deal of earth, and discovering that my life-preserver was a deal box some five feet long, stained almost black with bog water, and fastened down with half a dozen rusty nails.

I had heard, during my childhood's days, of fortunate people being enriched by the discovery of buried treasures, but, I need hardly add, all such romantic ideas had long since vanished from my mind; and yet as I gazed at that peculiar-looking box, I felt as if a cold hand had passed over me, and a succession of the wildest thoughts surged through my brain. Exhume and open it I must; and the wish became stronger within me when Shawn, who soon returned from his goose-driving, did his best to dissuade me from such a proceeding.

"Sure 'tis no affair of ours, yer honor," said Shawn, looking at the same time so profoundly uncomfortable as to cause my curiosity to increase. "Maybe it's a little potheen that the boys have buried."

But I cut him short, and insisted that he should assist to exhume and open the box. Seeing that I was determined, he at length set to work, but he was so slow, and evidently so unwilling, that at length my patience got exhausted. I took the spade from his hand, inserted it in the crevice upon which Shawn had been working, and with one powerful wrench forced off the lid. We both recoiled in horror—the box contained a corpse!

After the first shock of the discovery was over, I looked again, and my dismay increased tenfold.

"Why, Shawn," I exclaimed, "if it isn't—"

"Yes, in troth," broke in Shawn; "sure enough it is." And we both stared into the box again.

In order to explain the strange circumstance which enabled me to recognize this corpse, I must chronicle events which took place several weeks before I exhumed it.

II.

On the fifteenth day of February the annual winter fair was held at Portaclare. The anticipation of this day always created a good deal of excitement in the minds of the peasants in and around Storport, for it was always constituted a sort of gala day; but the announcement of the fair of 1877 brought with it whisperings of woe to many a home. The crops had been bad that year, and the miserable half-starved tenants had been unable to scrape together enough money to pay the rent, so the proctor had summoned them to attend the sessions at Portaclare in order that they might show cause why they should not deliver up the whole of their worldly goods.

On the eventful day, which was ushered in with hurricanes of blinding sleet, I ordered Shawn to bring out the horse and car, that we might drive into Portaclare together. By the time we started the hail had ceased to fall, but still the wind blew bitterly, freezing with its icy breath the little pools on the way-side, and when we drove into Portaclare I felt almost as if my blood was frozen. It was mid-day by that time, and, save for one or two decrepit old men whom we had passed on the road, we were the last to arrive. What a gathering there was! The streets of the little town were so crowded that it was almost impossible to make one's way along. In the market-place bevies of rosy-cheeked servant-girls stood waiting to be hired; pigs grunted and squealed as the drovers whipped them along; the shop-keepers stood at their doors shrieking to the passengers to buy; the agent sat in the cozy parlor of the inn comfortably enjoying his glass of wine, gazing with a smile into the wild woe-begone faces of the creatures whom he had summoned thither, and determinedly shaking his head at every heart-broken appeal.

"Don't come to me," he said; "I'm done with ye—a lot of lazy spendthrifts as ye are. Ye'll go before them to-day as 'll make ye pay."

I sat in a remote corner of the room, and quietly watched the wretched creatures who crowded around the man; their wild eyes, their famished faces, their trembling bodies clad in the dirty rags which were their sole protection from the cold. And as I glanced from them to the frozen window-panes, and the sleet which fell, covering with a thin crystal sheet the curb-stone of the street, my heart turned sick.

"Poor, miserable, half-starved wretches!" I thought, "most of you will have sore hearts to-night, for you will lose your little all, God help you! and there will be nothing but starvation left."

Heart-sick at the sight of so much woe which I was utterly powerless to relieve, I arose and was about to leave the room, when my eye was suddenly arrested by a figure, ragged, wild, and woe-begone, which crouched close up by the window. Five minutes before, I had seen this man crouched like a stricken beast before the agent, his skeleton hands outstretched, his parched lips suing for mercy.

"For the love of God, Toney Monnaghan, niver be hard on a poor boy," he had said; "all my potatoes had the black disease this year, and they rotted in the ground. My pig took the sickness and died. I have two little children down wid a fever, and if ye take away my cow, I'll have no dhrap of milk to give them, and they'll die!"

This appeal, heart-breaking as it was, had met with the usual repulse:

"Don't bring yer lies to me. Ye'll go before them as 'll make ye pay."

So the man had crept back into the shadow, and as I saw him crouched beside the window, I noticed that the piteous look of appeal had left his face; his features were strangely convulsed, his wild eyes gleamed, and his hand clinched and unclinched in nervous dread.

"That man means mischief," I said as I passed out into the street.

At two o'clock the tenants' cases were to be called on, and as the hands of the clock approached that hour I made my way through the crowded streets in the direction of the court. The wind blew bitterly, thin flakes of snow were falling, and as I walked I felt the ice cracking and breaking beneath my feet. I noticed to my wonder that the streets through which I passed were almost deserted. Presently a succession of moans and cries struck upon my ear; then I noticed that people were running excitedly, and following the direction which they took, I at length found myself on the outskirts of a great crowd which was collected in the principal street before the open door of the court. Seeing my own servant amongst the throng, I questioned him as to the cause of the excitement, for I noticed that many of the people were wringing their hands, others moaned feebly, while others glared around them with wild eyes, and then seemed to utter sighs of relief. Instead of replying to my question, Shawn took me by the shoulders and gently propelled me into the middle of the throng.

There I saw the cause of the disturbance.

Lying on the curb-stone, his head supported in the arms of a policeman, his face open to the wondering gaze of hundreds of eyes, was the agent, stone-dead. His body was surrounded by policemen-warders of the court—nay, at the cry of murder the very judge upon the bench had stopped the course of justice and come forth.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, recoiling upon Shawn; "how did this happen?"

"He was just walkin' along the street, yer honor," said Shawn, quietly, "when he fell, and laid his head down and died."

"Murdered?"

"Oh, God forbid! yer honor; what for should he be kilt at all at all?"

Nevertheless, I felt convinced that my supposition was right; nay, more, I believed that I could point out the very man who had done the deed.

That a murder had actually been committed could not be proved on the spot, but the manner of the man's death was so peculiar as to call for a coroner's inquiry and a post-mortem examination. The body, therefore, was at once removed to the inn, and several hours after its removal the two principal doctors of the town were on their way, armed with the implements necessary for their work. On their arrival at the inn a novel scene awaited them. The people having at length solved the meaning of the awful words "post-mortem examination," had risen up in arms, and declared that no such desecration of the dead should be allowed. Before Toney Monnaghan became a land-agent he had been one of themselves, and though he had been a little hard upon them of late, there wasn't one man among them but would raise his voice against having the poor boy's body cut up like a beast's. The consequence was—a riot. The police were overpowered, the doctors sent packing, the inn taken by storm. For two nights the body lay in state, being waked by its wild comrades. At the end of that time the authorities, only too eager to bring matters to a peaceful issue, allowed it to be quietly buried. As the grave closed above it, popular excitement seemed to die away.

But if the people were satisfied, the authorities were not. Everybody believed that a murder had been committed, and that the subsequent riot was only an effort to prevent the discovery of the murderer. No sooner, therefore, was the unfortunate man buried, than the doctors received an order authorizing them to exhume the body and make a post-mortem examination in secret. One night, two nights after the funeral, they set out on their mission with hopeful hearts. It was bitter winter weather. The night was black dark; the ground was frozen hard, and thickly covered with snow. Making straight for the grave-yard, the doctors employed themselves in opening up the grave. For several hours they worked with pickaxe and spade; at last they came upon the coffin, raised it up, and opened the lid.

It was empty!

At this piece of audacity on the part of some persons unknown, everybody was more amazed than ever, and again came the conviction, stronger than before, that murder had been done. But try as they would, they could discover nothing. The whole county was thrown into a tumult, and popular excitement was at its height when I unwittingly solved the terrible secret by finding the body in the bog.

III.

Having sworn Shawn to secrecy, I assisted him to re-inter the box, and forthwith sent word of the discovery to the magistrate. The box was at once removed, the post-mortem examination concluded, and the discovery made that the unfortunate man had died of heart-disease. Again everybody was amazed, and this time the wonder was mixed with shame. After the examination was made, the coroner's inquiry was hurried over, and once more, in solemn pomp and with all the rites of the Church, the agent was laid in his grave.

Amidst the solemn concourse which attended this second funeral, I noticed the wild wan face which had haunted me ever since that day when I had seen it by the frozen window of the inn—the face of the very man whom in my own mind I had accused of murder! For a moment I hung back ashamed, then I boldly walked forward and pressed a bank-note into the wretched creature's hand. He looked from it to me in dazed amazement, then the sight of one of his ragged children seemed to make him realize what the money would do. He clutched it closer, and with one last look down the open grave, he crept across the bogs toward his home.

By whose hand the corpse was conveyed from the church-yard to the bog was never discovered. It was generally believed, however, that news of the intended examination had been whispered abroad, and that the agent was exhumed and hidden solely with a view to preventing his body being "cut up."

THE STATUE OF GENERAL THOMAS.

The unveiling of Ward's magnificent equestrian statue of General Thomas, of which we gave an engraving in the *Weekly* for May 24, 1879, was celebrated with imposing ceremonies at Washington, November 19. The military pageant was the grandest ever witnessed at the national capital since the grand review of the victorious Union armies in 1865. The procession was fully two miles in length, and most of it was composed of uniformed troops. In addition to about 2000 United States troops, sailors, and marines, there was a number of military organizations from Virginia and Maryland, whose marching and general soldierly appearance compared favorably with the regulars. Several military corps from New York and Pennsylvania were expected, but failed to come. Large delegations, however, of the Grand Army of the Republic and other veteran organizations from those States were present. The procession moved promptly at the hour designated, and while passing the Executive Mansion was reviewed by the President and members of the cabinet from a stand erected in front of the White House, on Pennsylvania Avenue.

The statue, which has been already described in the *Weekly*, stands at the intersection of Fourteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue, where there is an open space capable of holding thousands of people. In the centre of this wide amphitheatre was erected the stage, with elaborate decorations of flags. The President, the cabinet officers, the members of the diplomatic corps, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Hon. Stanley Matthews (who delivered the oration), Generals Sherman and Hancock, and other distinguished persons, occupied seats on the stage. After the usual preliminaries, General Buell stepped forward and unveiled the statue. It was the work of a second. At the pulling of a rope the four large flags which inclosed the statue in a hollow square dropped simultaneously and instantly, and amid cheers and a major-general's salute from the troops the Thomas statue stood out in bold relief.

The hymnus which followed the salute was the musical feature of the day, and was given under the direction of Professor Max Müller, who composed the music, the orchestral parts being arranged by Professor Louis Schneider, leader of the Marine Band. The hymnus began with a salvo of artillery and roll of drums. The bright and sparkling music of the introductory passages, which were a greeting to the Army of the Cumberland, was followed by sadder strains dedicated to the memory of the honored dead, and these in turn were merged into the grand march of final victory.

A commemorative oration was then delivered by the Hon. Stanley Matthews. He paid a fitting tribute to the genius of the artist to whom the country owes this grand statue, and then passed to an eloquent review of the life and services of General Thomas, whom he eulogized in glowing and appropriate words as a model soldier and patriot.

Upon the conclusion of the oration, President Hayes accepted the statue in a few appropriate remarks. This concluded the exercises. The military were marched away, and the vast crowd dispersed.

SOME NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Houghton, Osgood, & Co. are publishing an elegant edition of Longfellow's poems, of which ten parts have already appeared. The engravings, of which it is sufficient to say that they are under the supervision of Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, are from designs by the best artists of America, and it is intended to give over five hundred of these exquisite illustrations in the work, which will be complete in about thirty parts. The publishers may well call this handsome book "a national tribute to a poet whom America delights to honor."

—*Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps*, by Colonel George E. Waring, Jun., and *Art in America*, by S. G. W. Benjamin, are two very elegant illustrated volumes, published by Harper & Brothers. Colonel Waring is a delightful traveller, and his book, while giving much valuable information upon the industrial and agricultural interests of the Tyrol and Northern Italy, abounds in sparkling and truthful description of those countries. Mr. Benjamin is already well known as a writer on art, and his present volume, which forms an elegant companion book to his *Contemporary Art in Europe*, is an intensely interesting historical and critical sketch of art in America from early times to the present day. These books are elegantly bound, and are very suitable for holiday gifts.

—*Webster's Great Speeches* is a valuable volume, published by Little, Brown, & Co. It includes all of Mr. Webster's celebrated orations, besides many of his short speeches on special occasions, which are as remarkable for grace and felicitous expression as are the more important speeches for strength and power of thought. The volume also contains an essay on Webster as a master of English style, by E. P. Whipple.

—Among new publications by Henry Holt & Co. are, *Selections from the Writings of Hector Berlioz*, with a biographical sketch by W. F. Apthorp, which form an interesting volume of the "Amateur Series;" *The Magic of the Middle Ages*, translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg, by A. H. Edgren, a very unique account of the belief in all forms of magic as it existed in the Church, among the learned, and in the minds of the people; and *Primitive Manners and Customs*, by James A. Farrer, an entertaining exposition of the habits of thought and the customs of savage tribes throughout the world. Mr. Farrer has made a careful study of savage moral nature, which, by his showing, is much deeper and more fully developed than would at first appear. The chapter on "Fairy Lore of Savages" contains many interesting legends and superstitions. Two new hand-books "for students and general readers," published by the same house, are, *American Politics*, an excellent condensed history of the progress of public affairs in the United States during the last hundred years, by Alexander Johnston; and a *History of the English Language*, by T. R. Lounsbury, a very convenient volume for philological students.

—A valuable as well as delightful work, especially for students of Greek, is *Studies of the Greek Poets*, by John A. Symonds, published in two small neat volumes by Harper & Brothers. Mr. Symonds, in preparing the American edition of his work, has made some important additions, which greatly enhance its value as a complete survey of Greek poetry. No book could be better suited to the requirements of those desiring a general knowledge of this great and wonderful branch of ancient literature. The style, while scholarly in a high degree, is brilliant and clear.

—A charming book for girls, recently published by the Messrs. Harper, is *The Princess Idleways*, a fascinating fairy story, by Mrs. W. J. Hays, who understands the art of teaching sound moral lessons without any tedious precept-giving, or any presentation of suffering, too common, alas! in children's books written to inculcate a principle. Mrs. Hays's little Princess, under the law of gentleness, learns to correct her faults and make herself and others happy. Her adventures with the fairy Motherkin are exquisitely illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. A lively book for boys, also published by Harper & Brothers, is *The Boy Travellers in the Far East*, by Colonel T. W. Knox, who leads the two youths he selects for his heroes through many curious adventures in China and Japan, with both of which countries he is thoroughly familiar. The volume is profusely illustrated.

—*The Young Folk's Cyclopedia of Common Things*, prepared by J. D. Champlin, Jun., and published by Henry Holt & Co., is a very useful work for children, who are always inquisitive, and to whom the ponderous volumes of large encyclopedias are a mass of confusion. Parents who present their little folks with this book, where they can find clear and simply worded information regarding hundreds of interesting things, will spare themselves the trouble of much questioning which even the best-informed parent is often unable to answer satisfactorily.

—Three beautifully bound and illustrated holiday books for little folks, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., are, *Poetry for Children*, a collection of carefully selected verses, pretty enough to delight grown-up people as well as the little ones; *Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither*, described in short, lively sketches, by Olive T. Miller; and *The Captain's Children*, by Mrs. Sanford, a charming story of the adventures of the children during a voyage to Brazil, and their life on shore in a strange land.

THE LARGEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.

The national library of the British Museum, which is the largest collection of books in England, if not in the world, now numbers over 1,000,000 volumes. It may be said to have been founded by the acquisition of the 50,000 books and 4130 MSS. collected by Sir Hans Sloane; the 10,200 books and 2000 MSS. of earlier kings and queens, which were presented to the nation by George II.; the 85 MSS. collected by Sir R. Cotton soon after the dissolution of the monasteries; and the 8000 MSS. and 1600 charters and rolls forming the Harleian collection. The Sloane books were miscellaneous in kind, and the manuscripts were chiefly medical and historical. Those of the King's Library were principally Bibles, Psalters, and copies of the classics, richly bound and illuminated, one of the writings being the most precious MS. in the library, namely, the "Codex Alexandrinus," which is, with one exception, the oldest extant copy of the Scriptures, and is particularly valuable as containing the only genuine copy of the Epistles of Clement. In this collection also are the *Meditations of Catherine Parr*, which were translated, it will be remembered, into Latin, French, and Italian by Queen Elizabeth; and the first edition of the *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*, which gained for Henry VIII. the title of Defender of the Faith. The Cottonian collection contains the celebrated "Durham Book"—a folio of the Gospels in Latin, with an interlineary Anglo-Saxon version or gloss. It was made and ornamented by Bishop Eadfrith, of Lindisfarne, between the years 698 and 720, and is considered the finest known example of Anglo-Saxon illumination as practiced in the eighth century. Nor should we omit to mention the famous Magna Charta of King John, dated A.D. 1215, which is exhibited in the Museum, as belonging to this collection, together with the bull of Pope Leo X. conferring on King Henry VIII. the title of Defender of the Faith. The Harleian group is rich in documents relating to heraldic arms, grants, and pedigrees, county histories and surveys, besides including the manual of prayer that was used by Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold in 1553–54, which is bound in vellum, illuminated with miniatures, and inscribed also on the margin with her own notes and comments.

On this foundation the library has been gradually built up, partly by donation, partly by purchase, and partly by the Parliamentary power vested in the Museum to obtain a copy of every book or other publication entered at Stationers' Hall. In 1820 Sir Joseph Banks, the famous naturalist, bequeathed 16,000 volumes, mostly on natural history, to the library. This royal collection contained the first book printed in English by William Caxton, and the celebrated Mazarin Bible, which was printed by Gutenberg and Faust at Mentz in 1455, and is the earliest complete printed book known. In 1823 King George IV., on coming to the throne, presented the nation with his father's magnificent collection of 60,000 volumes. With the Bridgewater or Egerton collection were purchased the well-known Shakspearean autograph seen in the Museum, and also the letter Nelson wrote to Lady Hamilton on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar. The splendid collection purchased for £54,000 by the Right Honorable Thomas Grenville, and bequeathed by him to the nation, comprises the first collected edition of Shakspeare's plays, entitled *Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, printed in* 1623, with the engraved portrait of Shakspeare, by Martin Droeshout, remarkable for the high domed forehead, the large placid eyes, stubbly beard, and long hair.

During the ten years ending 1864, over £100,000 was spent in purchasing books and manuscripts for the library, and over £80,000 was utilized in binding alone. More than 300,000 complete works were added to the department of printed books, and upward of 70,000 pamphlets and documents. Since then the work of accumulation has been actually going on at the rate of 20,000 volumes annually, thanks chiefly to the zeal and ability of the late Sir Anthony Panizzi, who not only availed himself to the utmost of English resources, but ransacked the Continent for foreign treasures during his holidays. The British Museum Catalogue—probably the largest of its kind that ever existed—is due to the resolute perseverance, skill, and interest of Panizzi.

In 1759 the national library consisted of a corner room in the base story of Montagu House, furnished with a wainscot table and twenty chairs, and here Dr. Johnson, Hume, and the poet Gray would come to read in quiet; but now it is a magnificent and spacious hall, the daily resort of some 300 readers.

The use of the reading-room is restricted to the purposes of study, reference, or research. It is kept open every day of the week except Sunday, Ash-Wednesday, Good-Friday, Christmas-day, or any fast or thanksgiving day appointed by authority, except also from the 1st to the 7th of February, the 1st to the 7th of May, and the 1st to the 7th of October inclusive. The hours are from 9 A.M. till 4 P.M. in the months of November, December, January, and February, and from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M. in the months of September, October, March, and April, and from 9 A.M. till 6 P.M. in the months of May, June, July, and August.

Persons under twenty-one years of age are not permitted to become readers, except under a special order from the trustees. Intending readers make application to the principal librarian, specifying their profession, place of abode, and the purpose for which they seek admission. This application must be made two days at least before admission is required, and must be accompanied by a written recommendation from a householder or a person of known position, mentioning in full his or her name and address, and stating that he or she possesses a personal knowledge of the applicant, and of his or her intention to make a proper use of the reading-room. A printed form of application, with the declaration of the householder annexed, can be obtained at the office within the entrance to the Museum, on the right-hand side. It is only necessary to fill in these forms as required, and forward them to the principal librarian. If the application be satisfactory, a ticket will be sent to the applicant, which entitles him to the use of the reading-room. This ticket is renewable at the discretion of the librarian, and is not transferable.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

From the annual report of Albert J. Myer, chief signal officer of the army, we learn that one hundred and seventy stations of observation of the approach of storms and other meteoric changes have been maintained during the past year. The course of drill in military signaling, telegraphy, meteorology, and other signal service at Fort Whipple, Virginia, has been much improved during the year, and a large number of men have received instruction as assistant-observers. The whole active force of the Signal Corps is practiced at this post in the general drills in arms and with telegraphic equipments. Examination of the daily forecasts or "indications" of weather for the past year shows a percentage of 90.7 of them verified. On occasions of supposed especial danger cautionary signals have been systematically made at ninety-four different sea and lake ports and cities. No less than 80.1 per cent. of the whole number of cautionary signals displayed have afterward been justified by storm or wind of dangerous violence. The telegraphic lines of the Signal and Life-saving Service are on the immediate sea-coast, and such reports of weather conditions as are not otherwise attainable are received by them. Passing vessels are promptly warned of approaching danger. During the year a telephonic line connecting the intermediate life-saving stations has been extended from Kitty Hawk to Cape Henry—a distance of about sixty-two miles. On June 30, 1879, no less than 4467 miles of telegraph lines, including 543 miles on the sea-coast, were in operation, and maintained in the care of officers and enlisted men of the Signal Corps.

Almost everywhere in Ireland the potato crop is deficient and inferior, and, owing to rain, there is a lack of peat fuel. These two things are regarded as prominent causes of the present distress, which will doubtless increase throughout the winter.

Postmaster-General Key has come to the conclusion that all lottery companies and lottery agents are doing "fraudulent business," and that they come within the scope of statutory powers concerning "schemes to defraud the public." Consequently he has issued orders to postmasters at specified cities to stop all letters and money-orders addressed to persons known to be engaged in the lottery business. Money-orders and registered letters are to be returned to the senders, and letters are to be stamped with the word "fraudulent." There is also to be a rigid enforcement of existing regulations, which require postmasters to send to the dead-letter office all ordinary mail matter addressed to names known to be fictitious.

The French government has sanctioned a lottery of two million francs, the proceeds to be given to the sufferers by the floods in Spain.

On the 29th of December Mr. Gladstone will be seventy years old. It is the intention to give the statesman a public dinner, and to fix the price of tickets so low that working-men—who are specially invited to attend—may easily purchase them.

Not long ago one of the largest steamers in the transatlantic trade, drawing twenty-four feet and seven inches of water, passed safely in through the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi; and a little while afterward the *Ashburne* passed out with the largest cargo of cotton ever shipped from New Orleans on a single vessel. These facts seem to indicate without a doubt that Mr. Eads's jetties are a decided success.

The exhibition of paintings and other works of art at the Lenox Library, No. 1001 Fifth Avenue, is now open to the public every week-day from eleven until four o'clock. A ticket of admittance may be obtained, free of charge, on application by postal card to the superintendent, George H. Moore, No. 1001 Fifth Avenue.

If reports may be relied upon, a favorite horse belonging to Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, is more elegantly domiciled than most equine pets. He has an apartment, built at the cost of $12,000, in a new stable, erected at an expense of $80,000. There are marble floors, encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists, rings, chains, and drain traps of silver, and walls frescoed with fine hunting scenes from the pencils of eminent painters of animals.

A few days ago a Chinese will was offered for probate in the Surrogate's office in this city—the first ever filed there. The document was entirely in Chinese characters, and as none of the clerks in the Surrogate Court could read that language, the contents of the will were unknown until the services of a translator could be procured. There are on record in the Surrogate's office wills in Hebrew, Arabic, Latin, French, German, Russian, and in many other tongues. Now comes Chinese; and the study of this language seems likely to be of some practical use in this country at once.

M. De Lesseps's contribution to the sufferers by the disastrous floods in Spain was made in the form of a lecture delivered in Paris, his subject being "The Panama Canal." M. De Lesseps announced that he would start for Panama about the 1st of December.

During the past year the enrollment in the public schools of San Francisco has been 38,129, the average daily attendance being 27,075. The city will have the sum of $900,000 with which to keep in operation and improve her schools during the coming school year.

A short time ago Mr. Spurgeon preached his 1500th sermon.

Oregon has never produced so large a wheat crop as the present year. At present prices it is stated that it will bring to the people of the State upward of $4,000,000.

A new cable line is expected to be soon in operation between this country and Europe. The American end will be at North Eastham, Massachusetts, and the other end at Brest, France.

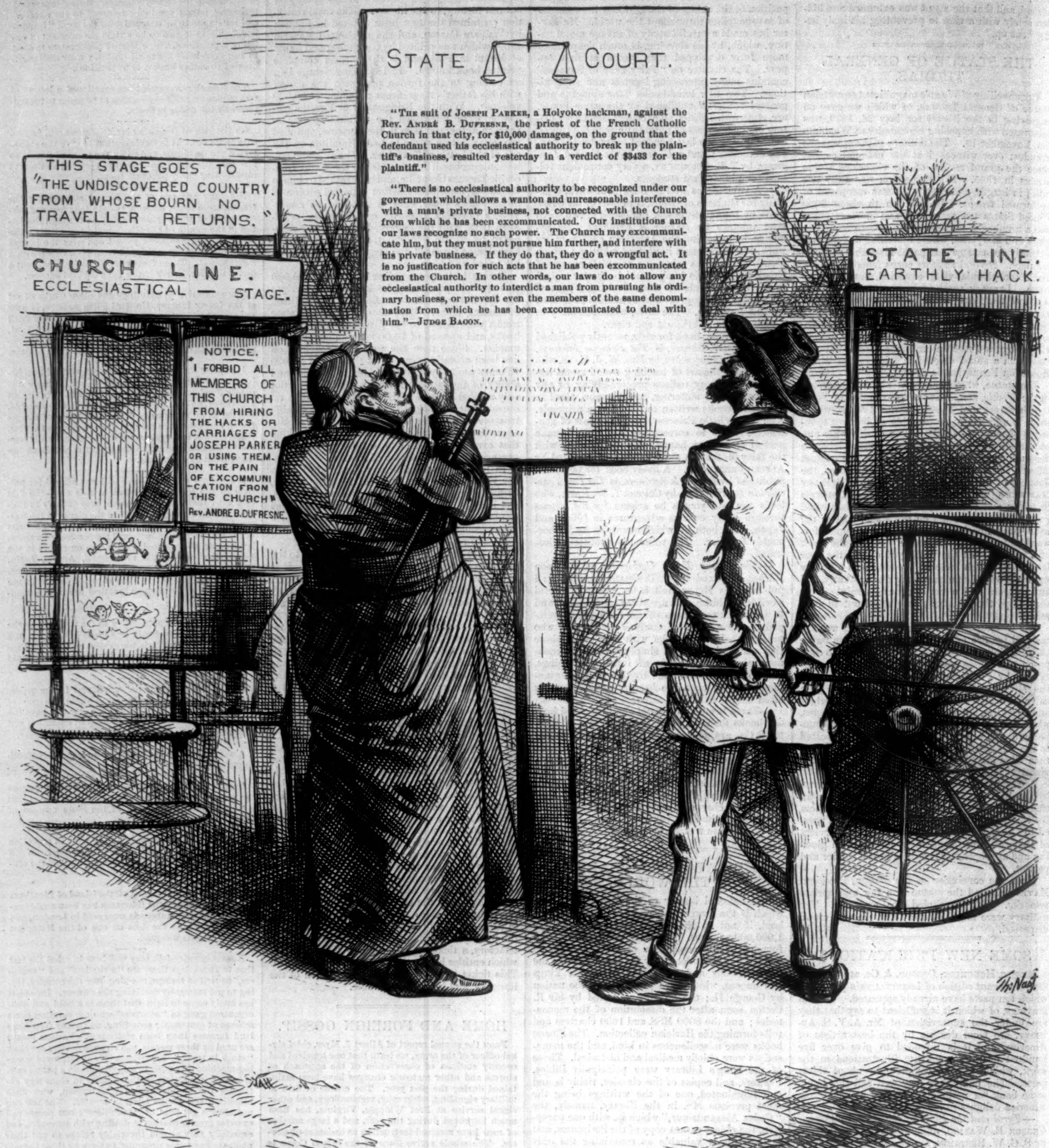
A whale lately harpooned off the island of Eleuthera by a party of Methodist fishermen has been made useful. The oil and ambergris were sold in London, and with the proceeds the debt on one of the Methodist mission chapels was paid.

Honest country-folk may well bear in mind the fact that in these days there are "swindlers" and "sharpers," as well as tramps, roaming over the country, trying to get money by deceiving the unwary. Indeed, it has lately come to light that there is a bold and well-organized gang of "sharpers" who are carrying out a scheme of systematic swindling, and many New England farmers have been victimized. Various means are used by these rascals, and strange devices are their "stock in trade." Sometimes it is an improved washing-machine they wish to sell, sometimes a patent saw. Whatever the article is, the scheme in some way entangles the simple-hearted countryman, who finds himself, a few weeks later, in trouble. The law can not always get hold of "swindlers"; but people can exercise greater caution in dealing with strangers, and especially they should invariably refuse to put their names to any paper presented to them by those personally unknown.

It is a somewhat startling statement—based on careful estimates—that about three millions of persons in the world die annually from consumption. Whether or not this estimate would be fully sustained by actual figures, if they could be obtained, it is certain that consumption claims an immense number of victims. A recent writer in the New York *Medical Journal* regards climate as the only useful influence in this disease, and mentions the following points, which are worthy of consideration:

> "1. No zone enjoys entire immunity from pulmonary consumption. 2. The popular belief that phthisis is common in cold climates is fallacious, and the idea, now so prevalent, that phthisis is rare in warm climates, is as untrue as it is dangerous. 3. The disease causes a large proportion of deaths on the sea-shore, the mortality diminishing with elevation up to a certain point. 4. Altitude is inimical to the development of consumption, owing chiefly to the greater purity of the atmosphere in elevated situations, its freedom from organic matter, and its richness in ozone. 5. Moisture arising from a clay soil or due to evaporation is one of the most influential factors in its production. 6. Dampness of the atmosphere, from whatever cause or in any altitude, predisposes to the development of the disease, and is hurtful to those already attacked. 7. Dryness is a quality of the atmosphere of decided value. 8. The most unfavorable climate possible for a consumptive is one of uniform high temperature and of high dew-point (warm and moist). 9. The effects due to change in the atmosphere are by no means so pernicious as are generally supposed, and on this subject present views require modification."

A residence in Minnesota is recommended as likely to be beneficial to those predisposed to consumption, or in its *first* stages; but it is useless for those who are in the advanced stages of the disease to go there.


STATE COURT.
THIS STAGE GOES TO "THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY FROM WHOSE BOURN NO TRAVELLER RETURNS."
CHURCH LINE. ECCLESIASTICAL — STAGE.
STATE LINE. EARTHLY HACK.
Th. Nast

"THE suit of JOSEPH PARKER, a Holyoke hackman, against the Rev. ANDRÉ B. DUFRESNE, the priest of the French Catholic Church in that city, for $10,000 damages, on the ground that the defendant used his ecclesiastical authority to break up the plaintiff's business, resulted yesterday in a verdict of $3433 for the plaintiff."

"There is no ecclesiastical authority to be recognized under our government which allows a wanton and unreasonable interference with a man's private business, not connected with the Church from which he has been excommunicated. Our institutions and our laws recognize no such power. The Church may excommunicate him, but they must not pursue him further, and interfere with his private business. If they do that, they do a wrongful act. It is no justification for such acts that he has been excommunicated from the Church. In other words, our laws do not allow any ecclesiastical authority to interdict a man from pursuing his ordinary business, or prevent even the members of the same denomination from which he has been excommunicated to deal with him."—JUDGE BACON.

NOTICE.
I FORBID ALL MEMBERS OF THIS CHURCH FROM HIRING THE HACKS OR CARRIAGES OF JOSEPH PARKER OR USING THEM. ON THE PAIN OF EXCOMMUNICATION FROM THIS CHURCH"
REV. ANDRE B. DUFRESNE.

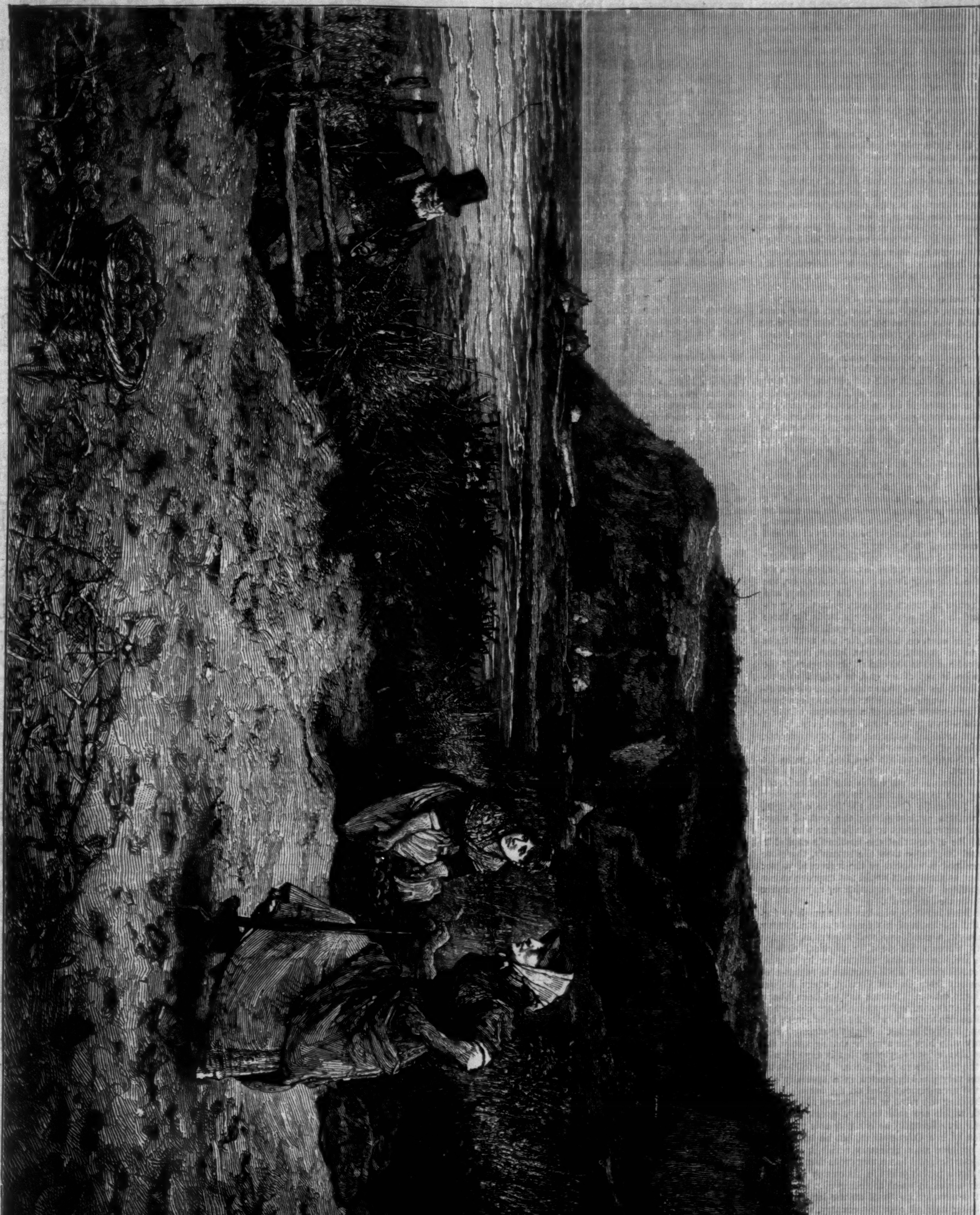
NO INTERFERENCE.

IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

IN the picture on page 961 Mr. BOUGHTON gives us a delightfully characteristic sketch of Irish life. The laborious attitude of the two women intent on cultivating a poor bit of soil, and winning from it if possible the wherewithal to satisfy their hunger, shows that despairing thrift which is often found among the females of the Irish nation. The genial humor of the ragged gentleman on the left, who has not the slightest notion of sharing their toil, though very likely he proposes to live upon the results, recalls innumerable stories of the deep-seated content with which the true Celt sometimes regards his life of indolence and squalor. This might be the gentleman who, when asked why he did not turn the pig out of his cabin, replied, "Faith an' ain't it clane an' comfortable, an' iverything a rasonable pig might desire?"

It is unanimously agreed by all travellers that in no civilized country in the world is there as much dirt, indigence, and misery to be found as in Ireland. The houses of the wealthiest proprietors even are without the elegance and comfort to be found in England, and the cabins of the poor are as slight protection from the climate as any ever reared in civilized countries. They are without chimneys or floors, and are made of mud and straw, and covered with sods or heath. Many have no windows, and few have more than a single pane. The door is often but a straw mat. The furniture is in keeping with the house, and if there be any besides the *crock*, it is but a chest, a bench, a table, and a bed. There is but one room, and this is free not only to any person to enter without knocking, but equally open to "the fowl and the brute." The villages often consist of whole streets of mud cabins. The city of Dublin, the centre of which is hardly surpassed in Europe for the beauty and splendor of its edifices, is surrounded by miserable hovels, inferior in comfort to the wigwam or tent of the Western savage. There is little variety in the food of the greater part of the Irish, which consists principally of buttermilk and potatoes, though in spring there is not always a sufficiency even of these, and the scarcity often rises to a famine. A cow is kept in almost every cabin, but neither butter, cheese, nor even poultry and eggs, are ever thought of by the common people as articles of food for themselves; these go to pay rents, taxes, and tithes, and the buttermilk only is reserved for the proprietors. Every family has, if no other furniture, at least one capacious article, called a *crock*, or kettle, which is convertible to many uses. The water is brought home, clothes are washed, potatoes boiled, and the harvest of potatoes often brought home in the crock. The crock, or potato bowl, is placed in the middle of the floor, and the family gather round it, squatting on their hams to eat; at least this is the practice where there are no tables or movable seats. The beggar is as welcome as an inmate of the cabin, and is never turned from the door; such inhospitality, it would be feared, would bring a curse upon the cabin.

From time immemorial Ireland has been a "poor distressful country," and its present outlook seems to threaten as evil days as any it has yet seen. The facts that are disclosed to us by what is called the rent agitation seem to show that this unfortunate nation is upon the eve of another experience that may prove almost as bitter as that of the "potato famine." Putting aside the exaggerated statements made by those who preside at the meetings that are being held in every part of the country, we learn from the accounts given by such moderate writers as Archbishop MCHALE, that Ireland is in an alarming condition. In the beginning this prelate employed the most active measures in denouncing the agitation; but in the letter addressed by him to the promoters of a monster meeting held at Athenry on the 1st of November, he distinctly reverses this opinion. In this epistle he says the benevolent and patriotic desire of the clergy of Athenry to assemble in that town on All-saints Day the inhabitants of the neighboring districts, to call upon the rulers of the country to hasten to the relief of the people in this season of almost universal distress, has his warm approval. The notoriously faithless observations indulged in recently by the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to be met,



"THE WIDOW'S ACRE."—From a Painting by G. H. Boughton, A. R. A.

he says, by healthy, resolute, and persevering agitation outside Parliament, and by renewed and continued constitutional action on the part of Ireland's representatives in the British House of Commons. The exaction of the high rents of prosperous years, together with the depressed value of every commodity that the small farmer produces, readily accounts for the existence of wide-spread pecuniary difficulties. The potato crop can to a great extent be considered as hopelessly lost, the oat crop is in many places seriously damaged, and the dearth of fuel will leave the poor man's prospects during the approaching winter and spring as cheerless and dreary as any witnessed since the famine years. He asks that remunerative employment be promptly and largely given to the people, that the land owners, even those who have let their lands on equitable terms, shall participate to some extent in the general distress, and, above all, that those who, heedless of the first principles of humanity, have doubled and trebled their rents beyond their worth as estimated by public valuation, shall display sympathy for the wretched serfs by proportionally reducing their rents.

The most active worker in the cause of distressed Ireland is, of course, Mr. Parnell, the recognized leader of the present movement. In regard to this gentleman so much has been said and written that at present it is almost impossible to form a correct judgment of his schemes, which are probably not yet matured in his own mind. It has been said that he aspires to the *rôle* of O'Connell; but this is hardly probable, the notion of repeal not being one that any sensible member of the British Parliament would be likely to raise. Mr. Parnell is himself an Irish landlord, and therefore is entitled to respect from those who differ from him in opinion. The Land League, in which he occupies the position of President, may be an organization of agitators, but at least their designs are peaceful. The plan for remedying the present distress in Ireland, as it appears in the appeal issued to Irishmen by the League, is that the existing land owners are to be bought out at "a fair compensation," and the existing occupiers are to be substituted for them as owners.

Mr. Parnell's manifesto, as it is called, has of course given rise to unlimited discussion throughout both Ireland and England. Many of the journals have handled it intelligently, but few with the concise common-sense of the London *Times*, which, in alluding to his project of placing the Irish farmer in possession of "equal protection and encouragement" and "equal incentives to progress" to those which are enjoyed by their kindred in this country, points out its fallacy at once. This journal recognizes the fact that the standard of well-being is kept so high in the United States through the perpetual movement of population from the older States westward, thus keeping down the proportion of farmers to acres. If the sons of the down East farmers stuck to the places where they were born, they would be poor enough, but they migrate westward. The population in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont is stationary or retrograding; so is the agricultural population in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Western New York. The comparison between the States and Ireland is very simple. The average size of a farm in the United

States is lowest in Connecticut, where it is ninety-three acres; in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania it is slightly over one hundred acres, and it increases gradually in the Western States. The average size of a farm in Ireland is about twenty acres. It requires no profound knowledge of agriculture to be able to understand why the farmers of one country are in comparatively easy circumstances, with an abundance of food for their families, while the farmers of the other are always so near the brink of poverty, and have children ill fed and ill clothed about them. "The great, the invincible objection to Mr. PARNELL'S proposal, supposing it were otherwise feasible," says the *Times*, "is not merely that it would stereotype the miserable conditions of farming life in Ireland, but would tend to remove the poor checks that now do in some measure prevent those conditions from becoming worse. Let us suppose the tenants of Ireland transformed into proprietors. There are now more than 120,000 holdings in the country not exceeding five acres each, and we may hope these would not be subdivided; but there are 167,000 holdings between five and fifteen acres, and 137,000 more between fifteen and thirty; so that out of a total of 585,000 holdings in the country, 424,000 are less than thirty acres each, and who can not see the danger that these 300,000 holdings of from five to thirty acres each would become in another generation 600,000, with an average brought down to the *minimum?* A vigilant landlord may use his power to prevent subdivision, although with the certainty of being hated and the risk of being shot in consequence; but if tenants could be made proprietors, subject to certain mortgages or rent charges to the state, no machinery the state could establish would be efficient to hinder subdivision, and consequent degradation of the well-being of the people."

That something, and perhaps all that is possible, is being done for Ireland, is proved by the fact that numbers of landlords are reducing their rents, and that this class are by no means the least active in seeking remedies for the existing evils. From the Prince of Wales downward, nearly all the great landed proprietors of Ireland have consented to a large reduction of their incomes for the relief of their tenants. To show what the influence of their example has been we note the following instances: Mr. ALLSOPP, the great brewer, has postponed his rent-day, and given notice of fifteen per cent. reduction on arable and ten per cent. on grass lands for three years. He also intimates that he will allow twenty-five per cent. on rentals for the next three years, to be expended in lime, bones, linseed or cotton cake, and at the end of three years, if the depression is not at an end, to submit to a revaluation of his land upon which to base his rent-roll for the future. Lady SURTEES'S agents have given her tenants notice of a reduction of thirty per cent.—twenty per cent. in cash, and ten in drainage, artificial manures, and improvements. The Duke of Portland has returned to his tenants in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire half a year's rent. The only notable exception to this general helping hand which the landlords are holding out to the tenants is (on the authority of the Newcastle *Courant*) the Duke of Argyll, who protests against giving the cost of unexhausted improvements to the farmer who made them. He argues that the landlord's capital in the land is greater than the tenant's, therefore the landlord is entitled to the increased value; and that as the tenant would not improve unless he benefited by his expenditure, any balance should be the landlord's.

One Irish landlord who has done much to further the interests of his tenants is Mr. ARTHUR KAVANAGH, a gentleman well known in English society through his peculiar physical defects, which are, however, compensated for by unusual intellectual gifts. Mr. KAVANAGH is member of Parliament from Carlow County, where he has very large estates. Nature has not been liberal to Mr. KAVANAGH, so far as limbs are concerned. He came into the world without legs or arms; but he has plenty of brains. With the stumps which do duty with him for arms he manages to write, and to do almost everything that is done by men with the full allowance of limbs. He follows the hounds very pluckily, seated in a specially constructed arrangement fixed on the horse's back, and holding the reins in the stumps above mentioned, which are said to have great muscular power. Intellectually he is a very able man. In politics he is a Conservative, but he has always been popular as a generous resident landlord. He is married, and has a numerous family. The other day a parish priest in his county addressed a letter to him, in which the clergyman contended that the monster meetings on the land question now being held all over the country, when properly conducted, are calculated to do good to the tenant farmers. To this Mr. KAVANAGH replies in a long letter, in which he maintains that the monster meetings recently held are "simply a disgrace to those engaged in them, and certain to produce results most detrimental to the tenants' interests." He says it is not only the duty but the interest of the landlords to try, by kindness and consideration, to pull their tenants through a crisis; but he holds that "by taking the question out of the region of a landlord's private dealings with his tenants, as these monster meetings are doing, the free exercise of forbearance and generosity is prevented, and the solution is limited to the test of legal rights," and for his part he can conceive "nothing more calculated to prevent the exercise of generosity on the landlords' part than the system of intimidation and menace which is being adopted." The action taken by Irish landlords has had the effect of moderating some of the excitement, and in certain parts of the country the people are being brought to see that a portion of their miseries may be obviated by prudence and economy. Still, there is a great deal of excitement in many towns, and the constabulary is under arms night and day. It is intended to issue another address to the Irish abroad, calling for money to defend all whom the government may prosecute, and to maintain the agitation.

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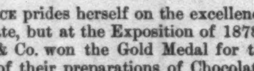

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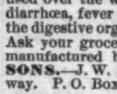

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